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It seems prudent to remind readers of AMERICA: (1) that the war bulletin is but a record of facts as far as they can be ascertained; (2) that the Chronicle expresses the sentiments and conditions which obtain in the respective nations; (3) that Topics of Interest and Communications express the views of the writers, not the Editor's; (4) that the Editor's views are found on the editorial page.—Editor, AMERICA.

CHRONICLE

The War.—What has been termed, and not without truth, the greatest battle of the war has been going on constantly along a line stretching from the coast east of

Nieuport through Dixmude, Roulers, Ypres to La Bassée. The Germans have been making every effort to

break through the defences of the Allies, but have so far failed. The Belgians have held their ground along the Yser, except at one point where the Germans have finally crossed. The French have taken and lost and retaken and lost again the town of Roulers, and all through the country that lies between Lille and Le Bassée they have both resisted and made very violent attacks. The Germans have hurled force after force at innumerable points of the Allies' position, but nowhere have they obtained any very marked success. They are still maintaining a vigorous offensive, and have checked the Allies' progress toward the north, but their own advance has come to a standstill, and they are no nearer to Calais than they were a week ago. There are persistent rumors that the Kaiser

has set his heart on the possession of this port, and that he is prepared to make every sacrifice to obtain it. Certainly the Germans have made repeated and costly

attempts to continue their march along the coast, and give no signs of any intention to desist. Heavy reinforcements are said to have arrived in numbers that have been placed as high as 600,000 at the Franco-Belgian border, some of them from the Vistula. On the other hand the French, Belgian and English infantry is proving itself quite a match for the infantry of the invaders, and it is claimed that it is only their artillery that is keeping them in France. There is little probability that Germany will be able to make the speedy rush along the Channel that the fall of Antwerp seemed to promise, especially as the sea is open to the Allies, which gives them an unimpeded passage for the transportation of colonial troops. Another factor that has militated against their success has been the presence of British and French warships off Ostend and Nieuport. Being of light draught they have been able to approach the shore and shell the German positions. Their fire has been answered by the German batteries. It has been asserted that German submarines have crept along the shore and are now at Ostend. There has been no official substantiation of the report but it is not at all unlikely. If it is true, they will soon make their presence felt. At the same time engagements are frequently taking place between the hostile airships that are continually flying over the enemy, and have now become almost a necessity for the direction of the fire of the guns and the movements of the troops. Altogether this conflict, apart from its importance which is admitted by both sides to be very great, is quite remarkable owing to the singular fact that it is being carried on not merely on land and in the air but from the sea as well. What will be its outcome is hard to forecast, but present indications point to the likelihood of another deadlock similar to that which has existed so many weeks along the Meuse. The Allies have

learned the art of stubborn resistance, and seem to be strong enough to block any large movement. They have given way at times at certain points, but their line if taken as a whole has held firm throughout; even where they have been forced to retire, they have in many instances regained the following day all the ground that they had lost. A marked moderation characterizes the official dispatches of both sides; the very absence of anything like boasting or exaggeration makes their grim determination the more striking.

Throughout the rest of the great battle that stretches from the Belgian seacoast to Switzerland there has been constant action, but the line has scarcely shifted its position. Along the centre from Verdun above Reims to Noyon matters have not materially changed, since neither side has made anything like a determined effort to advance. On the east wing, however, both sides have advanced. The French have crossed over into Alsace and taken Altkirch, and the Germans have made progress in the direction of Verdun. The French admit that the Germans have moved forward under cover of very heavy fogs, but claim that they have not yet come close enough to shell the great fortress. The Germans on the other hand assert that the outer fortifications, at least in part, have already been destroyed, and that the reduction of the strongest part of the Verdun-Toul barrier will be accomplished within two weeks. It is impossible to say with certainty what is the exact state of affairs. But this much is true, that the Germans have begun another series of assaults on the extreme French right and right centre. As for the rest, as far as can be judged from the dispatches which have passed the censors, neither side has improved its position to any considerable degree.

Western France In the east the Russians have succeeded in giving a serious check to the Austro-German invasion. The peril that threatened Warsaw, and the hope of spending the winter in the great fortress and both things of the past, and the Czar's army has the situation well in hand. On October 7 the Germans were in a position almost to train their guns on Warsaw; they have now retired, falling back forty miles to the westward to Shierniewice; on the same date they were making immediate preparation for crossing the Vistula near Ivangorod, but their attack on this fortress likewise failed and they have been forced to retire to the forest of Radom. It is certain that the Russians have added another great victory to their successes, and the dispatches which Berlin has given out to the effect that the battle is still in progress without having as yet reached any definite result may well be interpreted as referring to the outcome of the general campaign rather than to the phase of it which has just passed. This undoubtedly has ended unfavorably to the Germans. They have been defeated and obliged to give

ground, but their reverses, although very serious, have not been of an utterly disastrous character. Even Russia, while elated over the failure of the invasion, is not disposed to overestimate its importance. She realizes that the advance, which so far has been repulsed, may at any time begin again; and so she is hurrying reinforcements of all kinds to the Vistula. Her success has indeed made her turn her eyes once more toward the enemy's country,

Their Value and there is talk of her again invading Germany; but the state of affairs in Poland and Galicia indicate that this is rather a distant hope than an immediate prospect. The Germans are well within Russian territory, and they will have to be driven back very many miles before their own borders are endangered. It is necessary to keep this in mind when estimating the results of the recent Russian victories. They have beaten the Kaiser again in a long series of engagements, extending over many days. They have forced the retirement of an army of 600,000 men from the Vistula, and have prevented it from taking up a position much coveted for winter quarters; they have captured a number of guns and some prisoners; but this is all that they have done. They are many miles further back from the enemy's border than they were some weeks ago, and the recovery of the lost ground will cost them bitter fighting. In the north, the Czar's troops have resumed the offensive. There has been another attempt to drive the Germans who are still in Poland west of Augustow, over into Prussia, but their endeavors have so far failed of success.

Galicia is at present the scene of the most determined struggle in the east. The Russians, who simultaneously with their withdrawal to the river Vistula also withdrew from the vicinity of Cracow,

Austrian Successes have taken up strong positions along the river San, and are trying to repeat the story of their retreat to the Niemen. A very desperate battle is going on all the way from Jaroslau past Przemyśl, Chyrow, and Sambor to the river Styri. Details are wanting, and both sides persist in claiming successes; so that it is not easy to determine either the actual situation or the probable result. Austria asserts that it was on account of her vigorous attacks that Russia had to fall back, Russia on the other hand is equally positive in her statement that her evacuation of west Galicia was only a part of her general plan, and was necessitated by her deliberate retirement to Warsaw, and not by pressure from Austria. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two statements. It is clear that now, at any rate, the positions are reversed. A month ago the Czar's troops were advancing, capturing place after place, and confidently counting the days when they would take possession of Cracow, Breslau and Budapest. They are now content to say that they have repulsed all attacks to drive them from the river San. It is to be remarked that the San lies at least eighty miles east of the point that marked their furthest advance. This, together with

the fact that they no longer are thinking of sending demands to the commander of the garrison of Przemsyl to surrender, but are merely assuring their people that the fortress has not yet been relieved, points rather clearly to the fact that in Galicia at least the tide of battle has turned in favor of the Austrians. Add to this that Czernowitz, the capital of Bukowina, is again in their hands, that there is serious talk of their retaking Lemberg, and that Hungary is once more quite clear of Cossacks, and it is impossible, in spite of the meagreness of detailed information that is at present available, to avoid the conclusion that Austria has to a very large extent retrieved her former losses. As far as Galicia is concerned, it would seem that Russia is in no better a position than she was at the beginning of September.

In the Far East the Japanese are still bombarding Tsing-Tao, but seem to have no immediate prospect of reducing it; they have lost a cruiser in the Kiao-Chow

Other Items

bay, which was sunk by a German submarine. In the Black Sea the engagement between the Russian and the Turkish fleets which was expected did not take place, as the Turkish warships declined battle. Cattaro, the Austrian seaport, is being bombarded by the Anglo-French fleet, but is still holding out. The Servians are confident of being able soon to compel the capitulation of Sarajevo; already they are shelling the outer forts with the guns which have been sent to them by the French. In South Africa the revolutionists under Colonel Maritz have been defeated on the Orange River, and have offered to surrender, if granted fair conditions. Albania is reported to be mustering 10,000 men to send to the aid of the Servians. The German cruisers Karlsruhe and Emden continue to work havoc on British shipping. The former has been operating in the Atlantic and has sunk fifteen ships; the latter has inflicted still greater losses in the Far East, where she has already sunk twenty-six British ships.

Austria-Hungary.—When the Austro-Hungarian War Office had decided upon the evacuation of Eastern Galicia Archbishop Count Andreas Szeptyki, the Metropolitan of Lemberg, was urgently requested

A True Shepherd

by the government officials to leave the city with them. It was feared, writes the *Reichspost*, that because of his high ideals of Ruthenian patriotism he would not be spared by the Russians. His only reply to all importunities was the heroic answer: "The shepherd must remain with his flock." The first step of the Russians, on entering Lemberg without resistance, was, we are informed, to seize the episcopal residence and the Ruthenian Church of St. George. They then, according to the same paper, sought to force the head of countless Ruthenian faithful to accept the Russian creed, and failing in this, carried him off to Russia where he is said to have been imprisoned.

By this outrage, adds the paper, the Russians have given the world a manifest example of their tyranny and have made

for the Ruthenian population a confessor of the faith and a national martyr. Such is the protection offered by Russia to the smaller Slavic nationalities.

Archbishop Szeptyki belongs to a family famous among the Ruthenian nobility, and in his youth entered a monastery of the Order of St. Basil. He is the fourth of his name to occupy the Metropolitan See since the dismemberment of Poland. The heroic archbishop was greatly beloved and venerated by his people, and his fate has called forth universal sympathy. Austro-Hungarian Catholics in America are issuing a protest against this act.

France.—The conviction grows at Paris that the efforts of the enemy must soon spend their force, and yield to the persistent hammering of the Allies. If there were no newspapers telling of

Confidence at Paris great battles waged within a hundred miles of Paris, and if there were a little more life in the Boulevards, writes a correspondent, the casual visitor would scarcely realize that France was in the throes of the greatest war in history. Paris has assumed the appearance of a city approaching the afternoon of a long Sunday. There is no excitement, and little anxiety discernible on the faces of the people, but the calm which has succeeded to their wonted vivacity tells plainly the strain to which all are subjected.

It is said that General Joffre's forces are soon to be augmented by this year's class of recruits, who have been in training for the last ten weeks. The men are in good physical condition, enthusiastic, and eager to be sent to the front, where they will be joined by a section of reserves, making in all about half a million fresh troops. Men of all ranks and professions are now with the army, and with one battalion, it is reported, twenty-seven Americans are fighting. President Poin-

Fresh Recruits

caré has decreed that Belgians enlisted in the French army are to receive the same government allowances for the support of their families as is given the French troops.

Germany.—A new war credit of a million and a half marks was recently voted by the Prussian Diet. It is to be employed in undoing, as far as possible, the effects of the Russian invasion in East Prussia and otherwise healing the wounds of war. While endorsing the bill Dr. Delbrück, Secretary for the Interior, said: "The war is making vast demands upon our people; but every one knows that we will not lay aside our arms until we have won a victory that can ensure us a lasting peace." The President of the House again expressed, what is stated to have been the sentiment of all the representatives, that Germany had honestly sought to preserve the peace, and now was "forced into a war in which we are not fighting for the expansion of our sphere of power, for the extension of our realm or for advantages in commerce, but in the defence of our homes and families."

Great Britain.—Despite the avowal made some weeks ago by the Home Secretary, that the activities of alien spies in England might be considered practically negligible, recent orders make it evident that the Government is not taking chances. The Government is pressing the order that all males of German or Austrian birth, between the ages of seventeen and forty-five, must be detained as prisoners of war. Quarters have been provided for thousands in the detention camps, to which aliens are continually being conveyed. Many of these have been engaged in various occupations in England for years, and are well known in their communities. As an unfortunate result of this action on the part of the Government, the wives and children of a majority of these prisoners are facing extreme want. Energetic measures are being taken for their relief both by the officials and by private societies, but according to E. G. Lowry, who is in charge of the detention camps, the situation is extremely grave. No doubt the Government is fully justified in securing itself in a time of crisis against the possibility of danger from aliens within the country, but as usual with the rude measures of war, punishment falls upon the innocent as well as the guilty.

Ireland.—The vacancy left by the resignation of Sir James Dougherty as under-secretary for Ireland has been filled by the appointment of Sir Mathew Nathan, an English Jew and a near relative, said to be a nephew, of the notorious Ernesto Nathan, the Masonic ex-mayor of Rome. He had been a military engineer, governor of such places as Sierre Leone, Hong Kong, Natal, and secretary of the post-office. He is now the virtual governor of Ireland, for the under-secretary, who, unlike the chief secretary and the Lord Lieutenant, is a permanent official, is for all practical purposes the actual executive, controlling the congested districts, agriculture and local government boards, and the entire Castle. It was announced that he was appointed in view of the financial adjustments to be made under Home Rule, and Mr. Samuel, the minister who arranged the tight finances of the bill, is also a Jew. This, and the fact that a foreigner of unpleasant connections is given the chief administrative post in Ireland, after the enactment but before the establishment of Home Rule, has caused deep dissatisfaction and suspicion, recalling Cardinal Logue's recent comment, "I do not trust your English politicians very much." The appointment synchronized with Mr. Asquith's Dublin appeal for Irish recruits. The failure of the Government to provide a sufficiency of Catholic chaplains for Irish soldiers was unanimously condemned by the Bishops. This, with the doubts engendered by the Nathan appointment, has made recruiting speeches unpopular and special recruiting unsuccessful.

Mexico.—Those who maintain that the Revolutionists'

opposition to the Church is "merely political" will doubtless read with interest that the new Constitutionalist

*Persecutions
and Protests*

Governor of Chiapas, Southern Mexico, has begun to "reform" the Catholics of his district by forbidding confessions, clerical dress, week-day Masses, and the existence of convents. On October 22 a committee from the American Federation of Catholic Societies filed with the State Department at Washington an appeal for the protection of the Catholics of Mexico. One document gave a list of the outrages committed by the Revolutionists and another sets forth the position of Mexican Catholics. The protest reads:

We trust the American people will realize that they are in honor bound to defend us, to demand reparation for the flagrant violation of the recommendations which were made by them to Carranza and his followers. If this is not done then the declaration of the Carranzistas will be confirmed that whatever they do is done with the knowledge and approbation of the Washington Government.

Dr. Francis C. Kelley, the editor of *Extension*, in the November number of that widely-read periodical, holds the American people responsible for Mexican conditions. He is now in Mexico and writes from personal knowledge:

To get rid of one ruler, who was tried and convicted at a court before which he never appeared, we have paid an awful price, but it has been paid, as usual, by the innocent; paid by bishops driven into exile, by priests treated with a cruelty which only human devils could invent, by girl-children violently snatched from mothers. . . . In Chicago there are fifteen Passionist Fathers who saw the murder of a confrère, and then his corpse placed for forty-eight hours in their midst. This was one of the mildest of the stories we have heard. The witnesses are in Chicago to-day. There are twenty-six Ladies of the Sacred Heart in one of the convents in Chicago, who, knowing what had happened to other nuns, fled from their convent and escaped to America in time. When these nuns were asked if they fled because they feared death, they answered: "We fled because we feared what was worse than death." Pity the others who did not flee in time. . . . Have the Mexican people no claim upon us? . . . Who has brought this state of things about? Ourselves! Who insisted upon the non-recognition of a government lawfully in charge according to the Constitution of Mexico? Ourselves! Who upheld the hands of Carranza and Villa? Ourselves! Who foisted this iniquity upon the decent people of Mexico? Ourselves! It is useless to blame any one in particular. Whoever did the work was a representative of the American people, of which we are a part. A bigoted representative of the United States Government is said to have expressed, on the streets of Vera Cruz, sentiments which could not well be interpreted as anything but encouragement for the exiling and murder of priests and nuns. He was talking for us. The opinions of the chargé d'affaires were evidently considered as worth nothing. He happened to be a Catholic.

It is not too late for our Government to redress many of the wrongs suffered by the Church in Mexico. Merely by insisting that the Catholics of that country shall enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and that all seized and plundered ecclesiastical property be restored to its owners, the American people can make some amends for the evil that has been done.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

All Saints

In October the soul feels celestial stirrings. Is it the *memento mori* of the falling leaf? The year has spent its exuberance of strength in a careless riot of energy, and now pauses in a sudden access of surprise on the chill edge of snowy silences. *De me fabula* murmurs the soul and shudders. But October also reminds us of other things than death. Its cold breezes may hint to the body of the icy mountain-passes of winter which must be traversed soon; but to the soul it carries faint importings of ultramontane felicities. Its transfiguring golden mists bathe the immaterial landscape and strike the distant hilltop into a dream-city of towers and pinacles.

*Celestis urbs Jerusalem,
Beata pacis visio,*

The lips murmur half-consciously, showing whither the mind has flown. And is there no *Sursum Corda!* in the glory of autumnal color? Field and wood and wayside, hill and valley, are decked out as if a pageant were passing this way, and the very airs seem on tip-toe of hushed expectancy or wonder. Perhaps the Angels—for it is their month—are swinging down the broad aerial avenues, shining battalion on shining battalion, the Angels, the Archangels, the Virtues, the Powers, the Principalities, the Dominations, the Thrones, the Cherubim, and the Seraphim, glittering regiments of mighty Spirits from the fortresses of Heaven. Then when their silvery cavalcades have passed, and their dedicated month is over, and the vivid scarlets and rich purples of their triumph are fading, and the winter is closing in upon us, comes the Feast of All Saints.

Then wavering intimations become solid assurances. The vibrating and level accents of a divine Voice, coming to us in words and forms which the Spirit of Truth fits closely to their burden, announce that, somewhere in the domains of God, men and women, of the same clay as ours, having lived and died, live again, sharing in Christ's triumph over death and sin. And, as the north wind of November braces the shrinking nerves to meet the rigours of advancing winter, the message of All Saints stiffens the fibre of the soul to resistance against beleaguering fears of death.

We look forward with humility and trepidation, yet with confident hope, to reaching the very heart of happiness which consists in seeing God, not in fragmentary and dim reflections, but as He is. God's love for us is a mystery and a joy, balanced by the mystery and the sorrow of our coldness toward Him. The mere thought, that some day the icy shackles will drop away from our soul and allow it to leap into its Father's arms, ought to make the grayest life golden. Alas, of that dizzy vision we get only fleeting and illusive glimpses above

the rolling fogs of our mortality. We can not construct its beauty, delicately intense, out of our crude experiences. Christ could not describe it to us: the incapacity was ours not His. Blind infants that we are, how could He show us the color of that glory? Our discontent is boundless: but we can trust Omnipotence to remove it.

My window opens on the autumn night,
In vain I watch for sleep to visit me;
How should sleep dull mine ears, and dim my sight,
Who saw the stars, and listened to the sea?

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!
If, without sea, and starless though it be,
For joy of the majestic beauty there,
Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

But there are flaming, fiery edges to that central joy, which the mind can reach to in a fashion, because it has earthly experiences whereon to climb. The Saints will be there, and we shall know them, and they will know us. To meet the white chivalry of God, with our Lord and our Blessed Lady at their head, to meet them without shyness or fearful reserve, to be the object of their ravishing courtesies, to love them and be beloved of them, the true nobles of our race: this is a joy within the grasp of human yearning. How touching the ancient prayer in the Canon of the Mass, *Nobis quoque peccatoribus*, translates our yearning into words:

On ourselves too who are sinners but yet Thy servants, and who put our trust in Thy tender mercies, vouchsafe to bestow some lot and fellowship with Thy holy Apostles and Martyrs: with John, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas, Ignatius, Alexander, Marcellinus, Peter, Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia, and all Thy Saints. Into their company do Thou, we beseech Thee, admit us, not weighing our merits, but freely pardoning us our sins. Through Christ Our Lord.

We remember the colloquy at Ostia in the twilight by the sea when Monica and Augustine conversed, mother and son, about the high intimacies of God: speech failed, the words flagged, and the converse tapered off into silence and ecstasy. So must have been the evenings in Nazareth when the day's work was done; a few sentences, a few words, and then the soaring heights beyond the stars! *Cor ad cor loquitur*, "Heart speaketh to heart," where saints foregather.

This hope is also laid up in our bosom, that we shall meet again those who are dear to us and are here no longer. Kind, beautiful eyes, that in a distant past kindled into a rare light at our approach and filled with tears at our going forth, closed now these many years and withdrawn behind the veil of death, will light again with the joy of meeting, nevermore to know the need of tears. How they loved and believed in us! To think that God will make us so worthy of their love that for eternity it will never find cause to weary, to falter, to doubt! Exclaims Coventry Patmore:

What a *surprise* it will be to meet! At least that is always my feeling after a long separation. Doubtless one of the purposes of death is to supply this exquisite feeling in the highest perfection, when those who have loved each other come together again.

And as every feeling will be always new and fresh in heaven, those who attain to it may hope to live forever with this acute delight of recognition in their hearts.

It is this hope which makes every friendship possible on enduring terms. Who could venture to set up his rest on a flower that will perish with the coming of night? St. Edmund in his last will wrote of St. Richard as one *quem jam diu nobis invisceravimus*, a phrase whose strength we fail utterly to reproduce when we translate it "whom our heart-strings have long since entwined about." Only those who are to be saints can afford to love so intensely and love wisely. What fools we are if the casual death can tear and blast the vital tendrils of the soul! Therefore the world knows pagan coldness, and pagan cynicism, and pagan despair.

In one of his charming letters the poet Cowper views as intolerable and not Christian the thought that we may not know our friends in heaven:

To think that, when we leave them, we lose them forever, that we must remain eternally ignorant whether they, that were flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, partake with us of celestial glory, or are disinherited of their heavenly portion, must shed a dismal gloom over all our present connections. For my own part, this life is such a momentary thing, and all its interests have so shrunk in my estimation, that, like a worm in the bud of all my friendships and affections, this very thought would eat out the heart of them all, had I a thousand; and, were their date to terminate with this life, I think I should have no inclination to cultivate and improve such a fugitive business.

The Church, which poor, soul-harassed Cowper needed so much, leaves no room for uneasy speculations. As Christ knows and is known by His Mother, so we shall know and be known by ours. "There a vast concourse of dear ones are awaiting us," says a lesson in the Divine Office for the Octave of All Saints; "there a large and numerous gathering of parents and brothers and sons, at ease about their own immortal life, solicitous still about ours, are looking forward to their meeting with us." And in the Mass for the Dead the Church provides special prayers for the parents of the priest, in which he begs God, through Christ our Lord, to grant that he "may see them in the brightness of eternal joy."

JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

Christian Democracy and Politics

"Christian Democracy" is a term employed in two important papal documents to designate the Catholic social movement. It is made to alternate with another current expression, "Christian Popular Action." The former title, adopted by Catholics in various countries, was attacked by "many excellent men" who considered it ambiguous and open to misconception. The chief danger apparently lay in confounding it with political agitation. In his encyclical now known under the name of "Christian Democracy," Pope Leo XIII sought to dispel these fears and allay the dissensions caused by the word. He himself did not hesitate to adopt it after giving its

orthodox explanation. Later we find it recurring again in the famous encyclical of Pope Pius X on "Christian Popular Action."

One of the main questions necessarily touched upon in this connection is the relation of Christian Democracy, or Catholic social action, to the political movements of any country. The accusation that the Church is seeking for political power was never, perhaps, more seriously and persistently made than at the present hour. It will be well, therefore, to quote at some length the answers of Pope Leo XIII and his successor, Pope Pius X, upon this question. They afford us the final and authentic documentary evidence to show that Christian Democracy, or Catholic popular action, can in nowise be identified with politics and may never even be perverted to serve political ends.

It would be a crime, says Pope Leo XIII, to distort this name of Christian Democracy to politics, for although democracy, both in its philological and philosophical significations, implies popular government, yet in its present application it is so to be employed that, removing from it all political significance, it is to mean nothing else than a benevolent and Christian movement in behalf of the people. For the laws of nature and of the Gospel, which by right are superior to all human contingencies, are necessarily independent of all modifications of civil government, while at the same time they are in concord with everything that is not repugnant to morality and justice. They are, therefore, and they must remain absolutely free from all political parties, and have nothing to do with the various changes of administration which may occur in a nation; so that Catholics may and ought to be citizens according to the constitution of any State, guided as they are by those laws which command them to love God above all things, and their neighbor as themselves.—*Encyclical on Catholic Democracy.*

Such we are told has always been the discipline of the Church. To the same effect Pope Pius X wrote in his *Motu Proprio* on "Christian Popular Action," dealing with the same subject:

Christian Democracy ought never to mix in politics, and ought never to be made use of for party purposes, or political objects; that is not its province; but it should be a beneficent activity in favor of the people, founded on the natural law, and the precepts of the Gospel.

Since this, as we have seen, is a vital question and a point upon which we are constantly attacked at the present day, it will not be superfluous to quote another document which has the sanction and expresses the doctrine of the Holy See. We refer to the instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Ecclesiastical Affairs on "Christian Popular Action or Christian Democratic Action in Italy." It bears the signature of Cardinal Rampolla.

Christian democratic institutions, we read, whatever be their character, should be looked upon as manifestations of Christian popular action, based on the natural law and on the precepts of the Gospel. They must, therefore, not be regarded as means for the attainment of political ends, or for changing any form of government.

Catholics as citizens have a duty to partake in the political life of their city and their country; but Chris-

tian Democracy itself, the Catholic social movement of any country, must never be confused with politics. Much less may it ever be implicated in seditions and revolutions, or in "the preference and preparation," as Pope Leo wrote, "of one form of government rather than another," for "it is not lawful to give a political meaning to Christian Democracy."

These clear statements, which are directive for all Catholic popular action, should be sufficient to silence the enemies of the Church who accuse her of political aspirations or intrigues. They show how in the one work which brings the Church into close contact not only with the spiritual but likewise with the social life of the people, there is not even the taint of a suspicion to be cast upon the purity of her motives.

But Christian Democracy, it is urged, has turned aside from its positive work for the welfare of the masses in order to combat Socialism. This is true. It has done so persistently and in every country. Christian Democracy, as both Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius X strongly insist, is the very opposite of Social Democracy or Socialism. "Christian Democracy," wrote Pope Pius, "ought to be understood in the sense already determined by authority, which is far removed from that of 'Social Democracy,' and is based on the principles of the Catholic faith and morality, especially on that of never attacking in any way the inviolable right of private property." The reason for this opposition is not, therefore, political, as Socialists would make men believe, but purely moral and religious. The actual political Socialist movement is a menace to religion, to religious education, to justice and morality. It is on these grounds, and on no other, that the great body of Catholic workingmen is opposed to it, and that Christian Democracy can not avoid answering the challenge of Social Democracy. The one teaches that man's supreme good must be sought in the life to come, but for this very reason it would secure for even the poorest here below the enjoyment of the earthly rights and privileges which are implied in his sublime destiny. The other, on the contrary, would turn away his mind from the things of eternity to absorb them in the things of time, hazarding the loss of both.

To guard, however, against the final misconception that Catholics, as individuals, are hampered in the exercise of full political liberty, as long as this does not interfere with the laws of God or the precepts of the Church, it may be well to quote the directions given on this subject by Pope Pius X:

It is certain, he says, that the present constitution of States offers to all without distinction the power of influencing public opinion, and Catholics, while recognizing the obligations imposed by the law of God and the precepts of the Church, may with safe conscience enjoy this liberty, and prove themselves capable, as much, and even more than others, of cooperating in the material and civil well-being of the people, thus acquiring that authority and respect which may make it even possible for them to defend and promote a higher good, namely, that of the soul. These

civil rights are many and various, going as far as a direct share in the political life of the country by representing the people in the legislature.—*Encyclical on Christian Social Action.*

The Pope therefore desires that Catholics, like other citizens, should "prudently and seriously" prepare themselves for their electoral duties wherever such are incumbent upon them, in order that so they may contribute their own share to the common good and aid to lift up civic and national morality to the high plane of Gospel principles.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Bernhardi and the War

It has been, and still is, said with an utter disregard for consequences, that it does not matter what you believe so long as you act right: it is a doctrine which shares midway between Protestantism and scepticism, and partakes as much of the one as of the other. The aim of its existence is to destroy all controversy and to provoke general good will: its effect is the destruction of principle, followed by a summary mental and spiritual flabbiness. The man of faith, of principle, is not the tolerant man; at least not tolerant according to the canons of modern Protestant scepticism, and this is why, when the ages of faith were more robust, a heretic was a greater criminal than a murderer, and the flesh was given over to destruction that the spirit might be saved in the day of the Lord. The Crusades, for instance, were perfectly just wars. They were not waged for any petty end but for the enforcement of a moral and religious principle; it matters a great deal what you believe.

It is so with General von Bernhardi ("Germany and the Next War"). We may agree or not upon the question of military tactics which he raises. There can be no doubt, however, about his principle. It is perfectly lucid: and perfectly wrong. So assured is Bernhardi of the truth of his principle that he declares it to be the destiny of the German people to impose it upon other peoples:

The proud conviction forces itself upon us with irresistible power that a high, if not the highest, importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to this German people. . . . No nation on the face of the globe is so able to grasp and appropriate all the elements of culture, to add to them from the stores of its own spiritual endowment, and to give back to mankind richer gifts than it received. . . . To no nation, except the German, has it been given to enjoy in its inner self "that which is given to mankind as a whole." . . . The dominion of German thought can only be extended under the ægis of political power, and unless we act in conformity to this idea, we shall be untrue to our great duties toward the human race.

Conviction of this has impelled Bernhardi to reproach the German people with their amiable and peace-loving qualities; to urge them to war as a thing good in itself. Conscientious Germans repudiate Bernhardi as their spokesman, and deny that such principles have induced them to enter the war, so that now Catholic and Protestant are fighting Catholic and Protestant; and the cries

children fill the world, because, after all, it does matter a great deal what you believe.

Bernhardi is but the disciple of the prophet Trietschke. He it was who preached the religion of valor, the greatness of Prussia. In his lecture-room at the University of Berlin he roused the whole German people, telling how God or the world spirit had raised Germany under Prussia and the House of Hohenzollern to dominate the world; and the voice of Bernhardi is but the echo of the master. In the sound of the echo we learn what is the foundation of this culture and civilization which is to go forth and conquer: it is none other than the Protestant Reformation and the philosophy of Kant.

The Reformation, which broke the intellectual yoke imposed by the Church, which checked all free progress; and the Critique of Pure Reason, which put a stop to the caprice of philosophic speculation by defining for the human mind the limitations of its capacity for knowledge, and at the same time pointed out in what way knowledge is really possible. On this substructure was developed the intellectual life of our time.

There are two things that have brought spiritual woe and destruction in their train, striking a blow at the very heart of the Catholic religion: they are the Protestant Reformation and the philosophy of Kant.

The purpose of Bernhardi is not to leave his audience in doubt as to the mission of the German Empire, and the justification of this mission. He is frank, almost to the verge of brutality. He speaks, we must note, however, for that bureaucracy of warriors, professors, journalists, plutocrats and speculators, who are the leaders in German culture and civilization, and have control of literature and learning. The facts of the case leave little room for the thousands of patriotic German Catholics to identify themselves with a propaganda which makes a direct assault upon the innermost shrine of man's personality, or, in other words, a materialistic system of theology and philosophy. The culture of which Bernhardi boasts is that culture which has driven God from the German universities, which has corrupted the faith of the British universities, and has spread even to the seats of learning in America: it is the foe of God and of His Church, and is proclaimed as such by its sponsors:

The new poetry and science decided the victory of Protestantism in German life. . . . Germany was raised to be the home of heresy. . . . A centre of Protestant power was established in the North, i.e., Prussia.

The insidious work begun by Luther was reinforced by Kant, who, in his "Critique of Pure Reason" laid down the principle that the human mind can have no true knowledge of anything but that which is experienced by the senses. Therefore God and the things of God, the supernatural truths of faith, not being apprehended by the senses, are incapable of being known to the human mind. True Kant attempted to ward off this consequence in his "Critique of Practical Reason," but in vain. The power of apprehending God and the supernatural truths of revelation were discredited.

The spark kindled by Kant was fanned into a mighty

flame, which has burst through Europe and the whole civilized world, finding the climax of malignity in Nietzsche, whose avowed purpose was to drag Christ from His throne, and set up in His place a monstrous idol of hideous brute force which he named Superman. In Christian morality Nietzsche read only decadence, degeneration and death:

What is good? Everything that increases the feeling of power, the will to power, power itself, in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness. . . . Help thyself, then every one will help thee.

And this finds its echo in Bernhardi, when he declares that:

The Christian duty of self-sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the State. . . . The acts of the State can not be judged by the standards of individual morality. . . .

With the realm of knowledge attacked, it is but a natural consequent that theology, the queen of sciences, should be undermined. Prussia fulfilled the boast of Trietschke as being the home of heresy, and destroyed belief in the miraculous at Tübingen. Ewald and the school of the critics followed; and the whole Protestant world sits in the sad twilight of spiritual loss which has followed on the decline of faith in the Bible and the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. From this welter of heresy arose Modernism, to be combated by the Catholic Church; which, because of its "Jesuitic tendencies and ultramontanism" must be ever in the eye of the German statesman, who must never forget that "the greatness of (the) nation is rooted exclusively on Protestantism." The desire for national expansion, the heaven-enchanted fire of patriotism, these are the prerogative of every free and enlightened people. Such prerogatives are in no wise incompatible with that spirit which goes forth to subdue the whole world unto Christ, to whom alone has been given all power in heaven and on earth. Christian morality is founded upon the individual relationship of man with God. It can find no place for a system which declares that:

Recognized rights are often violated by political action. But these are never absolute rights; they are of human origin, and therefore imperfect and variable. There are conditions under which they do not correspond to the actual state of things; and the infringement of the right appears morally justified.

For recognized rights, treaties, contracts, call them what you will, enter into the heart of things, into the very personality and being of the man himself. The strong man armed may conquer the weaker, may subdue him and lead him captive, may deliver his sons to the sword, and his daughters into the hand of his enemy, but the crushed and broken remnant is still a man, is still himself. First comes the individual, then the family, and finally the nation; the whole and its material parts: to impose a culture and a civilization upon this whole body constitutes an ultimate assault upon the inner citadel of the personality of the individual unit, between whom and God springs the foundation of moral rights.

H. C. WATTS.

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The Politics of Masonry

The Masonic initiate is told that political questions are tabooed in the lodge, and Masonry is wont to make public profession of its innocence of all political purpose. The October *American Freemason* denounced a Masonic lodge for allowing the distribution in its ante-room of two tracts, one entitled, "The Roman Catholic Church in Politics," the other containing a list of candidates for office in city, county and State, whom the "Guardians of Liberty" had "thoroughly investigated and found to be true American citizens." The editor protests that this is a violation of "the fundamental prohibition of the fraternity," and that "we are not fortunate in the allies that have pushed themselves upon us." Other Masonic journals are not so nice in the selection of political collaborators. The *Masonic Home Journal* of Louisville, gave an editorial puff to the convention of the "American Federation of Patriotic Voters," into which the Guardians of Liberty had collected "the many anti-clerical societies in the country," and claimed Masonic credit for the notorious Watson, Crowley, Barnet and Spurgeon, the chief orators and prophets of this political cabal. The *Masonic Sentinel* of Chicago has found a way of evading the inhibition against Lodge politics. It recommends its readers to "seek information through the Guardians of Liberty and other patriotic societies" so as to nullify Catholic influence in State and nation, and the *Masonic Observer*, of Minneapolis, has blessed this plan.

Hence Masonry can manage to take a hand in anti-Catholic campaigns despite the alleged exclusion of politics from the lodges. But is such inhibition operative or intended to be operative as against the Catholic Church? The *New Age Magazine* of Washington, D. C., official organ of the Scottish Rite Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree, records that it was commanded, by resolution of the Supreme Council at the October session of 1913, "to express and breathe the spirit of Scottish Rite Masonry upon the affairs of the people of the nation and the world relative to social, philosophical, *political* and altruistic problems of the day." It explains that "political" need not include partisan politics but may include "these questions which concern the foundations on which the Government is built," for instance, the religious liberty clause in the American Constitution which ensures equal rights to those "who owe supreme allegiance to a foreign Government." To the Scottish Rite Mason that Government is foreign which Christ established for all people and all time.

The next *New Age* article is one of a series which instructs Masons that the Monroe Doctrine, which has been for nearly a century a fundamental American policy, must be destroyed. This, if anything, is politics, and the motive of Masonry's supreme organ is instructive. The protection which the Monroe Doctrine enables us to extend to the South American nations resulted in the establishment of the Bureau of American Republics, and

this gave the Catholic Church the opportunity of celebrating "a Pan-American Mass in Washington, on Thanksgiving Day, where the representatives of the Latin-American countries and the high officials of the United States Government, would mingle together in a spirit of fraternity and brotherly love." Because "the influence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy has been strong enough to effect a repetition of this travesty on religion and farcical display of a pretended patriotism to American institutions," and thus extends their "power in all transactions between the United States and the Latin-American countries, . . . increases the prominence of the Roman Catholic organization and strengthens their already formidable grasp of the balance of political power in this country," therefore, "let us destroy the Monroe Doctrine." There, we have at once the highest authoritative evidence that here as on the European continent Masonry has the most far-reaching political purposes, and that the destruction of Catholicity is as much the supreme design of the Supreme Council in Washington as of the Grand Orient of Paris or of Rome. Its activities in France were thus described January 6, 1905, by *Le Temps*, a rationalistic paper in no way friendly to the Church:

Freemasonry is nothing more nor less than a political association. It not only occupies itself entirely with politics in its annual conventions, but it also organizes political demonstrations, supports candidatures, assists the Government, intervenes in matters of administration, makes itself a substitute for the President of the Republic, recommends for all the civil and military posts by a provision of its constitution, communicates officially with the President of the Council and the Ministers, sends addresses and receives replies. Such is the true part played by Freemasonry of the present day.

But this is Masonry in France, Italy, Portugal, Mexico; surely not in the United States? There was a time when Masonry exercised such political dominance in Government and nation that it required a national anti-Masonic party to effect its overthrow. It bowed to the storm, prudently withdrew from the public eye, and quietly and secretly dressed and strengthened its ranks, till in 1888 it had 600,000 members, and in 1913 more than double that number. In 1888 Adriano Lemmi, the Italian Hebrew who was then the "Illustrious and Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander of the 33d Degree," wrote from Rome to Albert Pike, who exercised similar authority in Washington, that he should secure from all the lodges of the United States an energetic protest: 1. "Against the Vatican which is every day found more in opposition to the progress of humanity." 2. Against "the clerical party which is busying itself everywhere in the world to undermine progress and restore Rome to the Papacy." Then Lemmi would organize "in the lodges of Europe an identical movement," and thus secure "new confirmation that the Freemasons are consolidated everywhere." The equally Puissant Commander Pike was in hearty sympathy, but alas! the times were not yet ripe in this free republic for an open war

on Catholicity. One of the reasons given in Brother Pike's reply for his inability "to induce our Masonry to take united action against the Papacy" is interesting:

It (the Roman Church) knows that neither of our political factions, the Democratic or the Republican, dares to refuse its demands or resist its encroachments, or to warn the people of its insidious influences, which are incessantly making rotten the foundations of our free government. Neither faction feels that it can afford to lose the Catholic vote, which continually grows larger by immigration; and neither will ever take any step that may be likely to transfer that vote to the other party.

But Brother Pike and his fellows were not inactive. About that time the A. P. A. party was formed to realize here the designs of Lemmi, and the recent virulent activities of the "Guardians of Liberty," *Menace*, and other such agents, in the same direction, followed the summons of Mr. Pike's successor, Grand Commander Richardson, who exhorted his "nearly one and a half million Blue Lodge and 200,000 Scottish Rite Masons to unite with every Protestant American as one band of brothers against the avowed purposes of the Church of Rome."

The *American Freemason*, the most moderate and self-restrained of all Masonic organs, not only gave full approval to the Richardson manifesto, but in every number lauds the most violent anti-Catholic activities of the Grand Orients of France, Italy and Portugal, sanctions every act and utterance of the notorious Nathan, and holds up the Grand Orient as a model to American Masons both in its atheistic constitution and its anti-religious and political persecutions, and informs them that the day is at hand when they must follow its methods and present "a common international front to a common international enemy." The inhibition against politics will not stand in the way. Has not Brother Pike informed the Master of the 3d Degree that "Masonry conceals its secrets from all except Adepts and Sages," and again told the 30th Degree Knight Kadosh that this Master Adept was merely in the portico where "he was intentionally misled by false interpretations" which "it was intended that he shall imagine he understands"? Those who really understand know that the *Temps'* dispassionate description of its double rôle is as true, if not as manifest, here as in France:

Freemasonry aims to be a political association without declaring itself such. It knows the dangers of publicity, the advantages of obscurity. It works in the same fashion with regard to religious liberty and belief. It desires to remain secret and discreet, and by the character of its rites and formularies it evades all control of the uninitiated, and all legal restrictions.

We have seen that by proving its religious character, it has secured such exemption under American law. We are aware that so far the majority of American Masons are too American to be disposed to adopt the Grand Orient program against the civil and religious liberty which is the bedrock of our Constitution. But even among them the irreligion and irreverence that the higher and real Masonry fosters gradually trickles down, resulting in discontinuance of religious practice, vague-

ness of belief, and a moral laxity that opens the way for easy divorce laws, godless and unethical education, and the unnatural practices and destructive theories that go under the name of "eugenics." Another effect of Masonry, which is grievously prejudicial to the general citizenship, is as operative here and now as when it was pointed out by General v. Marwitz a hundred years ago:

Even the most innocent among them (Masons) always exert a baneful influence inasmuch as they help each other along in life, recommend each other for advancement, and thereby crowd other honest men out of position and opportunity. It is truly startling how many vicious and useless fellows thus acquire position and income, and how indulgent otherwise upright superiors are to subordinates with whom they associate in their lodges.

This is known as "the Masonic pull," and that it secures place and advancement for Masons in business, political and semi-political positions, in preference to equally or better qualified non-Masons whether Protestant or Catholic, is too obvious to need proof. A contemporary from Kansas accuses us of raising a "buga-boo," as "five-tenths" of American Masons know little of Masonry. Not even nine-tenths know much, but the Scottish Rite is better posted, and they are six times as numerous as the entire Masonry of France. Suppose the Craft had manned the National Cabinet with Masons to the entire exclusion of Catholics, organized Masonry in every Government department, and duplicated the process in the State governments, in public bureaus, and the influential boards of trade and business, would our critic be still unruffled? He had better consider in how far these conditions are already realized.

M. KENNY, S.J.

Catholic Landmarks of New York

It would be interesting to know how many of those who observed last Monday, the tercentenary celebration of the founding of commercial New York, are aware what a prominent rôle Catholics have played in the history of our great metropolis.

On Saturday, August 26, 1682, Colonel Thomas Dongan, the newly appointed Catholic Governor of the Duke of York's Province of New York, after a journey from Nantasket, Mass., through Long Island, crossed the East River and took up his official residence on Manhattan Island. The next morning his chaplain, the Rev. Thomas Harvey, S.J., celebrated, inside the old fort at the water gate, the first Mass ever said in what is now one of the greatest Catholic communities of the world. The present Custom House, facing Bowling Green, stands on the site of the fort of Dongan's time, and on its walls the Knights of Columbus have affixed a bronze plaque commemorating Father Harvey's Mass.

But the numerous Catholic sight-seers who visit New York will not find in guide books any mention of the many places, especially in the old section of the city, that, like this Dongan memorial, are of particular interest to them. We are not recent arrivals here. Our Catholic title deeds to New York, from Sandy Hook to the Canada border, date from the advent of the earliest explorer. Verrazano and Gomez sailed up New York Bay nearly a century before Hudson arrived. The Protestant rector of Trinity Church, the late Rev. Morgan Dix, is an authority on the records of these pioneers, and he says of Verrazano:

Whether any one of the priestly order accompanied Verrazano on this voyage can not be positively affirmed; it is altogether likely; indeed it would be next to impossible that this should not have been the case. Religious services of some kind or other were undoubtedly held while his ship lay in the port which he has so accurately described; for he says elsewhere of the natives: "They are very easily persuaded and imitated us with earnestness and fervor in all they saw us do in our act of worship."

This was in 1524, and Gomez, the year following, put the Bay under the patronage of St. Christopher. The great river that flows into it he confided to St. Anthony, and they are so designated on the earliest maps.

A number of historic Catholic sites cluster about the end of Manhattan Island. Just across Bowling Green is the present Morris street. In 1643 it was a lane leading down to the river, and there stood the residence of the famous Calvinist minister of Dutch New York, Dominie Johannes Megapolensis. He was a renegade Catholic, but he hospitably entertained in this house the Jesuit Martyr, Father Isaac Jogues, who had escaped from the Mohawks. Later his brother Jesuits, Father Joseph Bressani and Father Simon Le Moine, also found shelter there.

Nearby is No. 30 Broadway, in the early days of the Republic the home of Dominick Lynch, one of the four representative Catholics whose names are signed to the address of congratulation presented to Washington after his inauguration as President. A little further up that highway Trinity churchyard begins. It is part of the old King's Farm and here, under the auspices of Governor Dongan, Fathers Thomas Harvey, Henry Harrison, and Charles Gage opened New York's first Catholic classical school. Says an early chronicler:

Papists began to settle in the colony under the smiles of the Governor. The collector of the revenues and several principal officers threw off the mask and openly avowed their attachment to the doctrines of Rome. A Latin school was set up and the teacher strongly suspected for a Jesuit; in a word the whole body of the people trembled for the Protestant cause.

There are a number of Catholics buried in Trinity churchyard, for they had no other place of sepulture in those early days. And in St. Paul's churchyard, Fulton and Vesey streets, stands the memorial to Dr. William James MacNeven, who was one of the Irish patriot leaders of 1798 and a Catholic scientist and publicist of great ability. Turning down Vesey street at No. 24 will be found the site of the school started in 1816 by Virgil Horace Barber and for about a year the home of his remarkable family. It was here that he and his wife determined to consecrate themselves to the religious life. He and his only son became Jesuit priests; his wife a Visitation nun; two of the daughters Visitation nuns also, and the two others Ursulines.

Just behind this landmark is St. Peter's, the first Catholic church erected in New York. It is on Barclay street, sometimes called "Pater Noster Row," the centre of the Catholic publishing trade of the country. The original St. Peter's was erected in 1786 but was torn down in 1836, the present edifice being opened in 1838. The oldest original Catholic church building in New York, however, is St. James', James street, dedicated in the fall of 1836. The foundation of the parish was Christ Church, Ann street, organized in 1827.

Near St. James', at No. 35 East Broadway, was the first convent of the New York branch of the Sisters of Charity, opened in 1846. In 1847 it was moved to what is now the restaurant building at McGowan's Pass, in Central Park at 105th street, and ten years later to the beautiful Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson just below Yonkers, which up to that time had been Font Hill, the home of Edwin Forrest the

famous actor. Mother Seton, who founded the American Sisters of Charity, it will be remembered, was a native of New York, and most of her married life was passed at No. 8 State street facing Battery Park. When, as a widow, she returned from Italy she opened a school. It was located in Stuyvesant Lane, the short street that runs from old St. Mark's Church in the Bowery up to the junction where the Ninth street station of the Third avenue elevated railroad is now.

Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mott and Prince streets, which was begun in 1809, will celebrate the centenary of its dedication on May 4 of next year. Most of this edifice was destroyed by fire in 1865 but was rebuilt at once. In the yard about the church are the graves of 31,000 Catholics, many of them quite notable in their day. The new St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth avenue, is built on the ground purchased in 1812 by Father Antony Kohlmann, S.J., founder and pastor of the old St. Patrick's, for the New York Literary Institution, the city's first Catholic college. This site was then in the remote suburban village of Elgin. The new cathedral was begun in 1858 and dedicated May 25, 1879. Its cost was about four million dollars. The oft-repeated tale that the city made the church a present of its now immensely valuable site is a myth. Since its purchase in 1812 the property had been used for educational and ecclesiastical purposes. The deeds showing this are on record in the Register's office.

Another historically interesting spot is St. Nicholas', Second street, New York's oldest church for German Catholics, which was opened in 1835. In the same neighborhood, at Houston and Mulberry streets, is the former site of the first convent school of the Religious of the Sacred Heart and later of the Sisters of Mercy. Crossing to the west, near Canal street and South Fifth avenue, the earliest school of the Christian Brothers in the United States was located.

The foregoing list of landmarks indicates what a profitable tour a Catholic visitor can make through old New York if he is interested in "archæology." Unfortunately a Catholic guide book has not as yet been prepared, and few of the city's residents are familiar enough with New York's Catholic history to give the tourist exact information about the Church's beginnings in Manhattan. The purpose of this paper is merely to call to the attention of AMERICA's readers a few of the more notable Catholic antiquities of the city. What we need, however, is a series of little manuals for Catholic visitors to our large cities. "Catholic New York" could be followed by "Catholic San Francisco," "Catholic Baltimore" by "Catholic Chicago," etc. What say our publishers?

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

Count Albert de Mun

Among the tragic incidents of the great war, minor events, not bearing immediately on the tremendous struggle, might be supposed to pass unobserved; but not so the death that occurred only two days ago, of Count Albert de Mun. He breathed his last at Bordeaux, where he had accompanied the French Government, a few minutes after midnight, on October 6. For years past, he suffered from angina pectoris, but to the soldier that he was at heart inaction was impossible. He had been forbidden to speak in public under pain of hastening the end, but he continued to write, and to work and it may truly be said of him that he died fighting the battles of his country.

Count Albert de Mun was born in 1841 at his father's place, Lumigny, in Seine et Marne. The de Muns are an old family of southern France, and Count Albert's ancestors, on both sides, occupied distinguished posts in diplomacy and at Court. His mother, a saint and a beautiful and charming woman, was the

Eugénie de la Ferronhays, whose delightful personality was made known rather more than forty years ago to the literary and religious world by the publication of "le Récit d'une Soeur," called in English, a "Sister's Story." The book, edited by Count Albert's aunt, Mrs. Craven, a la Ferronhays by birth, excited much enthusiasm at the time on both sides of the Atlantic. It was, in fact, a selection of the private diaries and letters of a highly gifted family, of which Eugénie, Count Albert's mother, was one of the most attractive members. She died when her two sons, Robert and Albert, were mere babies, but both inherited much of her charm and all her strong faith and spirituality. Count Albert chose the army as his profession and took part in the campaign of 1870 as a cavalry officer. He was decorated on the battlefield for his brilliant valor. After the war he was then captain in a regiment of cuirassiers. He founded Catholic clubs for workmen, and at first presided at the meetings in his officer's uniform. But eventually he had to choose between his military career and his social work. He chose the latter, left the army and resolutely devoted his time and his gifts as an orator to the evangelization of the working classes. In this work he may be considered as having played the part of a pioneer, being one of the first among the men of his age and standing to recognize the importance of a democratic movement that it is impossible to stem, but that it is necessary to Christianize and to control in order to prevent it from becoming anti-religious and revolutionary.

In 1876 he was elected deputy of Pontivy. His election was invalidated most unfairly, but in 1881 he was reelected with a splendid majority, and from that moment he became a prominent figure in the French Chambers. He chose as his standpoint the interests of the Catholic religion and he served the cause he loved with striking talent and heroic devotion. In 1894 he became deputy for Morlaix and was elected again in 1906, 1910 and 1914. At the last elections, that were in general unfavorable to Catholic candidates, he scored 9,665 votes, while his adversary only had 7,132. In 1897 he was chosen to replace Jules Simon at the French Academy and the speeches that he made there on several occasions will long be remembered. He was a wonderfully sympathetic orator. Being a perfect gentleman and also a fervent Christian, who practised all he professed, his speech had the finished grace and the authority that only perfect breeding and absolute sincerity can give, and without which even a great talent lacks depth, charm and durability.

Although from a political standpoint he differed from certain Catholics, on account of his having, at the bidding of Leo XIII, in 1892, adhered to the Republican Government, his absolute disinterestedness commanded the respect of his adversaries. It made him popular even among the advanced Republicans, whose educational laws he resolutely attacked. They knew that he was opposed to their methods and that they had no more resolute opponent than this ardent Catholic leader, but they fully acknowledged his courtesy, generosity and sincerity. They fought the political orator, but were forced to honor the man.

How far Count Albert de Mun realized that Leo XIII's scheme of Christianizing the French Republic had proved a failure, his loyalty to his spiritual chief forbade him to say. It certainly during some years diminished his "prestige" in the eyes of many Catholics, who (events proved that they were right) believed that the French politicians of the day were incapable of responding fitly to the Pope's confidence.

Another still greater sacrifice was demanded of Count de Mun, when, suffering from heart disease, he was forbidden by his medical advisers to speak in public. He continued to fill his place in Parliament, and on certain days when the battle raged fiercely, the silence he was obliged to keep was almost as eloquent as his spoken words, so visible then was his mental suffering. At the risk of his life he broke this silence on certain important occasions: in 1911, for instance, when he denounced the

Franco-German treaty by which France relinquished a portion of Congo. That day his magnificent oratory won the applause of friend and foe; "it was," said an important French paper, "one of the grandest speeches that ever honored a Parliament." M. de Mun was a writer as well as a speaker, and since the war began his daily articles in the *Echo de Paris* added considerably to his influence over the French public.

As a military man he was qualified to give their right meaning to General Joffre's laconic "bulletins," and while interpreting them in a way that enlightened and satisfied the average reader, he never failed to sound a note of confidence in God and in the final victory of the allied forces.

His articles in the *Echo* were looked forward to with anxiety by thousands of readers throughout France. We remember the exclamation of a poor woman: "I know M. de Mun is ill, but surely God will leave him with us till the war is over!" God's ways are not ours and He has seen fit to call His faithful servant home. In all that Count Albert de Mun wrote there was an elevating feeling; his patriotic optimism was enlightened and without seeming to preach, he made his readers realize the solemn truths that give a meaning to life and death. His language was always eloquent; he was incapable, either in his spoken or written words, of anything base, mean or trivial.

On October 5 he took up his pen for the last time and wrote his daily article for the *Echo*. That night he had one of the violent heart seizures to which he was subject and which he knew must one day kill him. The usual remedies were applied, but this time they had no effect, and a few minutes after receiving Extreme Unction, Count Albert de Mun breathed his last without a struggle. It was a soldier's death, though not under fire. M. de Mun knew that every effort, mental or physical, might kill him as surely as a German bullet, but he believed that being unable to draw his sword for France he must fight her battles with his pen at whatever cost to himself.

This great patriot and fervent Christian was a courteous and refined gentleman, a generous adversary, whose loss is mourned by Frenchmen of every shade of thought. Count de Mun's noble presence, his frank and cordial manner and his military bearing added to the esteem and popularity that he enjoyed among his countrymen, and the French papers, whatever may be their politics, are unanimous in praising his moral character and mental gifts. Let us add that M. de Mun's three sons are all at the front.

B. DE C.

COMMUNICATIONS

Wealthy Catholics and the "Deadwood of Catholicism"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In AMERICA for October 10 I read a letter from Mr. James V. Shields which I think calls for an answer. I have no desire to break in upon the little class of instruction consisting of Mr. Chester and Mr. Shields. Both gentlemen seem well able to take care of themselves. I am concerned with a few statements made by Mr. Shields which I find it hard to think he would make did he fully realize their content. "The work (of houses of retreat)," says Mr. Shields, "does not reach down to and influence the great mass of our Catholic men, every-day toilers who are the real support of the Catholic Church. It seldom goes below the upper and middle classes, seeming in this to prove the charge often directed against the Jesuits, that they run after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence, who in fact are the deadwood of Catholicism." This second sentence contains a very serious charge. Do the words about the "deadwood of Catholicism" belong to the accusation made against the Jesuits? Or are they Mr. Shields' own statement? In either case they contain matter which Mr. Shields, I think, would find it hard to prove in a court of justice. If the work of retreats among the upper and middle classes "seems" to prove that the

Jesuits run after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence, then the upper and middle classes must be one with Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence (otherwise there is no proof at all), but these latter are the "deadwood of Catholicism," therefore the upper and middle classes who make these retreats are the deadwood of Catholicism. Has Mr. Shields any knowledge of the fine bodies of men that have made retreats at Staten Island or at Keyser Island? Would he maintain that they are "the deadwood of Catholicism"? He hopes some day to make one of these retreats himself. If he belongs to the upper or middle classes will his going to the Staten Island House of Retreats prove or seem to prove that the Jesuits are running after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence? Will he be willing to be classed with the "deadwood"? I think not. Yet by his own argument, if words mean anything, he can not avoid the conclusion. If Mr. Shields is himself responsible for the statement about the "deadwood of Catholicism," despite his being tolerably well informed about Catholic affairs, he must be sadly lacking in knowledge of what Catholic wealth has done in and about New York. In this great city many a church and many a priest can give grand testimony of great deeds done for God with the money of wealthy Catholics. Their deeds are not told from the house-tops, it is true, but the fruits remain. If, however, Mr. Shields means by "deadwood" not lack of exterior cooperation with the Church, but lack of interior grace, whence comes his knowledge? God alone is the judge of hearts.

Again, if he thinks the Jesuits run after Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence let him run over a little past and contemporaneous Jesuit history, beginning with St. Francis Xavier, dying poor and alone on a desert island. St. Peter Claver wore out his life among the negroes of Carthagen. Father Jogues and other French Jesuits were hacked to pieces by the Indians. Jesuits to-day are toiling in the hill-country of Jamaica; others are laboring among the prisoners and the insane on the New York islands. Still others are working among the negroes in the counties of Southern Maryland, while almost in every city where there is a Jesuit house the Fathers care for the hospitals and the prisoners. I may add that the New York firemen could testify that there was one Jesuit at least who labored faithfully with them, though he was fully capable of mingling with Catholics of wealth and prominence. If Mr. Shields has seen Jesuits working among the rich and prominent, I have seen them working and working hard among the poor in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. They do both; our Divine Saviour did both and people were never satisfied with Him. All honor, then, to the great mass of our Catholic men, every-day toilers. Certainly they give generously and nobly to the Church, and any one who knows the history of New York's early Catholic days is aware of what the every-day toiler has done. God bless him. The Church loves and respects him. But let us not draw wrong conclusions regarding our wealthy friends. If Mr. Shields knows rich Catholics who have been remiss, I have no quarrel with him, but to say or infer that Catholics of wealth and worldly prominence are the deadwood of Catholicity is a sweeping statement that wrongs many a generous Catholic man and woman, rich in this world's goods. We should not take as proven everything that "seems" to prove, otherwise the Catholic Church and the Jesuits would long ago have been condemned for fearful crimes.

A PHILADELPHIAN.

Retreats, Missions, Socialism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

One wonders if the knowledge which Mr. Shields has of the failure of the Jesuit Fathers to spread the "printed word" at missions and in churches is based on the same amount of actual experience as is evidenced by his account of the retreat work. Had he ever, with good spirit and in-

tention, made a retreat at Mt. Manresa, he would have come away with a feeling of admiration for the Order and its work which would have served as an effectual barrier to any subsequent criticism. True, retreats have not been advertised for the working "class," the principal reason being that the workers quite naturally resent being put into a distinctive group; we live in America, not in India. And a retreat requires, generally, that the retreatants withdraw for a short period from their ordinary avocations; and this, owing to working conditions beyond the power of the retreat director to change, most men are unable to do. But I am quite safe in stating that since the inception of the retreat movement in New York personal appeal has been made to every Catholic labor leader of any prominence in the city to attend personally and to assist in the formation of retreat bands; and to this was added an offer to make the hours and term of the retreats anything within reason consonant with the retreat idea and the convenience of the men who it was hoped would attend. And has Mr. Shields never heard of the retreat to working girls which are given after due public announcement, and with special regard to hours of employment, in St. Leo's Chapel in Twenty-eighth street? Or that the retreats at St. Regis Cenacle are attended by hundreds of working girls, and not merely by ladies of leisure? As for the "upper and middle classes," whoever they are in the United States, they may be the deadwood of Catholicism, but if so they are not making retreats on Staten Island. The House of Retreats is turning out too many "live-ones" to allow much deadwood to accumulate, and most of them are "every-day toilers."

The leaders of the mission bands probably feel that the best preventative of Socialism is practical Catholicity, and in laying stress on the latter may not have emphasized the study of the former enough to satisfy Mr. Shields. But in view of the fact that the campaign of anti-Socialistic instruction was begun and is being continued by the Jesuits, who, moreover, are singled out for attack by the soap-box man, I am unwilling to believe that they neglected the topic altogether. Perhaps Mr. Shields missed the sermon in which mention was made of it. The missionaries must necessarily give to the men attending credit for ordinary common sense and a willingness to follow instruction, and can scarcely be expected to stand at the church doors with an armful of pamphlets, forcing sample copies on unwilling victims. As for the violent Socialistic speakers, one is tempted many times to resort to physical attack, but reason counsels that the results would be rather the opposite to those wished for.

From Mr. Shields' letter one might infer that the decline of faith in the Latin countries, if it exists, is due to the inertia of the clergy, and that by analogy the same condition is manifesting itself in America; and as a second inference, that the people are not at all at fault, but are humbly awaiting "instruction" at the hand of their indifferent religious leaders. The most superficial observation would tend to show that both inferences are entirely false. A recent stay of a month on the island of Porto Rico, which is Latin by inheritance, tradition, and actual present-day conditions, has convinced me that the lack of religious feeling is not due to the inactivity of the clergy, who are most zealous, but to the unfaithfulness of a so-called Catholic people in living up to the practices of their religion. A similar condition exists in the United States, with one addition, namely, that many of the descendants of the Irish immigrants of fifty years ago are so busy telling how the Church should be managed that they have no time to follow her instructions. It is quite easy to express hazy opinions about what should be done, but evidently quite different to be a good soldier and obey orders. What is needed all over the world is a lessening of the num-

ber of volunteer ecclesiastical advisers, and an increase in the number of those who in a spirit of faith and service will work for the glory of God under the direction of the Church's leaders.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDWARD A. McALLISTER.

Our Divine Lord, Wine and Total Abstinence

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of October 3, the question is raised as to our Divine Lord's habits of life with regard to wine. This is an extremely delicate question. The habits of life of our Saviour and His Apostles are put in apparent opposition to the exhortations of many priests to-day, not only in the matter of temperance, but also of total abstinence from wines as well as intoxicating drinks. Why the change? Are we to improve on the counsels of the Gospel? Holy Scripture, the customs of men, even of saints, during many centuries have favored the use of wine. Every one will admit that these are gifts of God intended for the use of men. Why preach total abstinence? The answer to this question is found in the new conditions that have arisen during the last few generations.

There would be no more need of total abstinence now than formerly if the majority of men confined themselves to the moderate use of light wines. Total abstinence would be considered only one of the means of extraordinary self-denial. But on this continent wine has of late been keeping very bad company, and by the ingenuity, or rather the perversity of men, has come to be in many cases the occasion of alcoholism and drunkenness. It has been adulterated to an extreme degree, or at least is sold indiscriminately together with alcoholic drinks of the most harmful kind. In every bar-room and liquor store wines light and heavy are passed over the counter together with very intoxicating liquors, and the taking of the one has become the occasion for the use of the other. That is to say, the light drink that Holy Scripture says gladdens the heart of man has been mixed with poison. Hence it becomes necessary to counsel and preach total abstinence even from wines in order to safeguard the people from the appalling evils resulting from drink.

It would be an ideal thing if men would use moderately the drink recommended in Holy Writ. But since numerous temptations are now thrown in their way the practice of total abstinence can no longer be regarded as an extraordinary form of self-denial, but as a very ordinary, and in a multitude of cases a very necessary means of self-preservation.

Cantley, P. Q.

G. W. O'TOOLE, P.P.

Religious Conditions in Italy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article "Religious Conditions in Italy" in last week's number will surely be a surprise to many of your readers. Father Sorrentino says: "The Catholic spirit is keenly alive among the Italian people." If we are to judge of religious conditions across the water from the religious spirit of the Italians who come here, then certainly the writer's assertion is a hard saying. The Italians who come to this country are to a large extent uninstructed in the knowledge of the very elements of their Faith. Thousands upon thousands of boys and girls beyond the age of sixteen know nothing of their prayers, nothing of their catechism and have never even been instructed for or made their First Communion or Confession. The Italian, as a rule, will work on Sunday without scruple, will send his children by preference to the public schools, and outside of a display at baptisms, marriages and funerals, a large proportion of them have little attachment to the Church, its services or its sacraments. Father Sorrentino says that the bulk of the Italian

people are good, practical Catholics. In proof of this he instances the thousands upon thousands who attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sunday in Naples. If they do, then the sense of that obligation, when they start for this country, must be dropped root and branch into the Bay of Naples, for 99 per cent. of them stay away from Mass when they come to this country. The Italian, without any sense of obedience to the Church, enters readily into Freemasonry and other anti-Christian societies, and falls an easy victim to the Protestant proselytizer.

It may be said that they are ignorant of the language and unaccustomed to our conditions. The Italian is not too ignorant to cope with American cleverness in making money and in sending vast wealth back to his native land. The Italians as a body are rising rapidly from a material point of view and hence their religious deterioration can not be attributed to a lack of ability, talent or an ignorance of the language, but it must be attributed to the fact that they come to this country insufficiently instructed in their Faith, and not infrequently with a hatred of the Church and the priesthood in their hearts. No; the religious conditions in Italy can not be such as expounded by Father Sorrentino. He says that the Italian will attend missions, which he certainly will not do in this country, that he will manifest great devotion to the Madonna and is religious in the months of May and June. As Bishop Bonomelli once well pointed out, piety does not consist in processions or carrying lighted candles, in prostrations before a statue of the Madonna, in processions in honor of the patron saints of villages, but true piety consists in the daily fulfillment of the religious duties exacted of us by God Almighty and His Church and it consists in a love for that Church and her ministers. In these points, no matter how numerous be the Italian processions, no matter how heavy the candles, no matter how many lights they carry, the Italian immigrant seems very deficient. This is an unquestionable fact the causes of which it would be interesting to discuss, but are beyond the scope of this letter.

New York.

HERBERT HADLEY.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article on "Religious Conditions in Italy," which appears in AMERICA of October 17, is far from convincing. Could the assertion that "the bulk of the Italian people are good, practical Catholics" be proved by means of figures? I am confident that any one possessing even an elementary knowledge of the inhabitants of Italy will be astonished at the information that "what is true of Naples, is true almost without exception, of every town and hamlet *dalle Alpi alla Sicilia*. If we eliminate the Freemasons, the Socialists, the anarchists, the indifferent, the Modernists, I believe that we shall have left but a very small number of practical Catholics in the whole of the third Italy.

Baltimore.

ENOTRIAE AMATOR.

A Protest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

At a meeting of the Directors of the Alumnae Association of the Sacred Heart a protest was drawn up and later sent to President Wilson against the treatment of the religious of the Sacred Heart in Mexico. Thirty of these nuns are now refugees in the two houses of the order in Chicago. They were turned out of their convent in Guadalajara on half an hour's notice, allowed to take nothing with them save the clothes they had on; for six weeks they, along with eighteen other nuns, slept on the bare boards of a little two-room cottage with neither mattresses nor covering. On shipboard they were thrust down into the hold with a lot of Chinese and subjected to mortification and insult. The letter closes thus:

The United States has seen fit to take a hand in the affairs of Mexico. Can it afford to allow these cultured Christian

women to be longer treated as murderers and bandits? The many thousands of American women, citizens of this country who have been educated by this order and hold it in deepest affection, can not believe it possible. The millions of other Catholics in this country await, Sir, with deep concern your answer.

Similar letters are to be sent by other Alumnae Associations of the order.

Chicago.

M. O. G.

Was Pater a Catholic?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Among "Books and Authors" in AMERICA for October 17 you notice an assertion that Walter Pater was a convert and say that "many would like to learn the authority for that statement." I can not give you the authority, but I found the same assertion in G. K. Chesterton's "Victorian Age in Literature," and wrote him in regard to it. I suppose he took me for an autograph hunter, as I received no reply. Many a Catholic would wish to think that Pater found, at the last, the faith he seemed so near in the closing chapters of "Marius the Epicurean," and in the unfinished work, "Gaston de Latour." If Mr. Chesterton ever sees these words perhaps he may be kind enough to give us some verification of his statement.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

A. K. GIBSON.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In reviewing my book, "Outside the Walls," you did well to question my remark that Walter Pater was a convert. I do not now recall my authority for that statement, and have since found the real facts, to wit: Pater's father was a Roman Catholic after a fashion, and there was some attempt to educate the lad in that religion; but he remained loyal to the Church of England, for a time even considering the taking of Holy Orders. In later years he drifted into indifferentism as to doctrine, but his esthetic sense continued to hold him nominally faithful to his Church, and as an Anglican he died.

Ardmore, Pa.

BENJAMIN FRANCIS MUSSER.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am one of your original subscribers and have been a loyal friend of AMERICA from its start, urging my friends to sustain and uphold it. But what shall I say of a Catholic paper whose attitude in this awful war is enough to bring tears to the eyes of any lover of liberty. The position of AMERICA is simply intolerable, a disgrace to American Catholics, and many Catholics, both lay and clerical, have expressed this opinion to me. It will take many years for AMERICA to live down its deplorable position on this war, if it ever again resumes its old place in our hearts. Had you not better transfer the place of publication from New York to Berlin, and rename the paper "Germany"? That at least would relieve many of your oldest friends from having to blush for your shame.

Amherst, Mass.

C. A. H.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been a constant reader of the AMERICA and numerous other Catholic papers for many years. Occasionally I also have read the *Menace*. I am going to ask you what is the difference between our so-called English Catholic papers and the *Menace*? I must confess, and this painfully, that I find little, very little difference between these papers. When I read our Catholic weeklies they seem to be sisters and brothers. What a world of misrepresentations, exaggerations, lies and calumnies our Catholic papers dish out to

their readers week after week in their war news! Mind you, the war news concerns mainly the Catholics, because all these papers howl about Catholic Austria and about Germany, a country that is over one-third Catholic. These Catholic papers try very hard to make their readers believe that the Germans are cruel barbarians and they sing the praises of Catholic France. Catholic France and Protestant Germany! . . . Whenever I read in AMERICA about Catholic France I have to smile. Catholic France! and Catholic Belgium and Protestant Germany! No doubt there are more practical Catholics in Protestant Germany than in "Catholic France" and Belgium.

How these *Menace* Catholic papers are gloating with another *Menace* that pagan Japan, infidel France, Protestant England, schismatic Russia, sacrilegious Portugal are crushing the last Catholic world power! And how they condone the cruel murder of the excellent and Catholic prince of Austria! How they sympathize with Belgium, that violated its neutrality in 1906 and entered into a secret pact to crush Germany! How they also rehash unproved cruelties of the Germans but never, never, never mention the cruelties of the Allies! Has AMERICA ever spoken of the atrocities of the Russians or Belgians? Did the Rev. Editor of AMERICA not read the statement of Cardinal Bettinger of Munich, of Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, of Bishop Koudelka of Superior? Did the Rev. Editor of AMERICA, whose sympathies are with Russia, Japan, France and England, not see the public statement of American journalists denying the statements of German cruelties fabricated in Paris and London?

Be sure many readers of AMERICA are tired of your unfair treatment and they will drop your paper because they are not willing to support papers of the *Menace* type. If you intend to continue in your bigotry please drop my name from your subscription list. As an Irishman you have reason to be English. Irishmen that died on the gallows for the last four centuries will certainly bestow upon English sympathizers a blessing! Catholic papers, the pity of it! and then preach against the unfairness of the *Menace*!

Hart, Mich.

FRANCIS EMMERICH.

[The Editor regrets that AMERICA has reached the level of the *Menace*. He hopes for at least one moment of repentance before death.—Editor AMERICA.]

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The account of your bombardment by adverse critics who disapprove of your war policy, and the decimation of your army of subscribers roused a chorus of indignation from your many friends in this part of the world. You are accused of prejudice, of partisanship! Why, you are nothing if not neutral. People who say such things deserve to be annihilated by the French turpentine guns, or crushed by the Russian steam-roller!

Italy, Turkey, the United States and the rest of them might well sit at your feet and learn how to be neutral, though handicapped. But alas! Your neutrality has not been respected! It has been violated in the worst possible way by a frontal attack on your subscription list. "The Hun is at the Gate!" in the shape of angry subscribers who most unjustly accuse you of injustice. I wish I could bring up some reinforcements in the form of an army of new subscribers. At any rate, accept a serious, earnest and admiring tribute to the spirit of fair play with which the war news has been conducted in AMERICA. You have succeeded in showing both sides, or rather, the many sides of the question, and surely it is only ignorance, prejudice or blind hatred that refuses to visualize any point of view except its own. Now, would you kindly enlighten me on a certain point? Belgium, I know, was one of the richest countries in Europe before the war broke out. What has become of the Congo millions, the receipts of the rubber industry? Are they

filling the pockets of the Belgian Government or those of the German military governor, von der Goltz? If the former, I do not see why Belgium need pose as a beggar before the whole world. But I speak as one less wise; perhaps you can instruct me on this matter. Meanwhile, I sincerely trust that this letter will give some slight consolation to the wounded editorial bosom. In any case, it affords me the pleasure of vindicating your many "other" subscribers who, like myself, are full of admiration for the attitude of AMERICA, not only on the war question, but on all topics of the day. May it long prosper!

A HALIFAX SUBSCRIBER.

Memories of Louvain

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I would like to give my recollections of the Flemish University town as I saw it on an August day of last year. Then peace brooded over the street and square, shrine and spire, while the modest marts wore the smile of easy prosperity, and peasant and burgher, lay-folk and religious thronged the sunlit streets or waited for their trains in the roomy station. *Troja fuit* and so was Louvain. Memories of Louvain as she burned and agonized have been given to me in a document written by one who saw and heard all that he has written down. These I will faithfully set down even as they are written, grieving that the many American priests who have pleasanter "Memories of Louvain" should have to weep over the ruin of the city they loved. May God grant us through the intercession of St. John Berchmans the happiness of seeing once again some of the charms whereof our "Memories of Louvain" are laden.

When the Germans occupied the city they ordered all the arms and ammunition to be delivered up. Day and night every house had to be left open and their lights to be left lit. The Jesuit College obeyed the orders. Through the night of August 25-26 the only noise heard was the crackle of burning materials, the only smell that of fire, the only lights in the sky the red glare of the conflagration. Here I will quote Mr. Schill's own words:

I was in my room putting it to rights when I heard our beadle shout down the corridor: "Everybody out of the house! The city must be left in an hour!" We took the road to Tervueren, and a pitiful sight we presented as we made our way along it. The town's inhabitants had packed up hastily in bundles whatever was precious and portable. Some carried the sick and weak, others the babies. At fixed intervals we met German sentries. We waved white handkerchiefs to save our lives. Although we got no bullet, insult and abuse was showered on us plentifully. *Schweinepriester! Hallunken!* "It's you who tell the people to fire on us." *Das sind die Richtigen.* So were we howled at by some in frenzied hate. Others more restrained said, *Die Unschuldigen müssen mit den Schuldigen leiden.*

At last we came to Tervueren after having been two hours on the road. Soon we should be in Brussels and then we should be safe. But the road in front of us was blocked by soldiers. They stopped us and made us empty every bundle and pocket of their contents. Again the insults and the habitual refrain *Schweine!* They were ordered by their officer not to come near us, but scarcely had he turned on his heel than they were abusing us again with foul names. The officer held them in check only by brandishing his revolver before their faces. The squad of soldiers which had been appointed to search us for concealed weapons pretended that they had found two priests with pistols. I had opened my cassock at the collar thinking that would be enough, but the soldier savagely tore it open down to the knees. Only two buttons were left on it. While he was searching me he had a cartridge in his hand which he was going to put into my pocket, but one of the Fathers noticed him and told the officer about it. Whether or not the soldier was punished I can not say. After the search was done we were led into a field by the

roadside and had to sit down in the wet grass guarded by soldiers.

All the religious and priests were made to wait there. With the nuns they would be about one hundred. After an hour we were lined up in two rows along a fence which cut the field in two. We all thought we were going to be shot. We put our rosaries around our necks, took our crucifixes in hand and received absolution from the priests. An officer, however, assured us that no harm would be done to us. Then we were divided into bands of twenties. The one in which I was, was led behind the fence into the next field. German carts were there. We walked behind these, and then were lined up again in two rows. Our guard this time was a gentleman. He readily gave us leave to go aside for a few minutes, but had scarcely done so than the officer rushed upon him, revolver in hand, shouting out as he came, "Didn't I tell you that none were to move from this place? Is that the way you carry out orders? Do you want to be shot too?" The indignant soldier gazed unflinchingly into the eyes of the officer. The scene ended with that. A short while after two soldiers came leading Mr. Eugène Dupiéreux, S.J. They were followed by another soldier who held a paper in his hand. When it was asked whose paper it was Dupiéreux claimed it as his property. They asked next for somebody who knew German. I was pointed out to them. On Dupiéreux they had chalked a large cross on the back of his cassock. The poor fellow carried his crucifix in his hands and never took his eyes from it. They gave me the paper and the officer said: "You will read the paper first in French and then you will translate it into German. Don't put in or leave out one word, or you will be shot along with him." Poor Dupiéreux was doomed. If I didn't read it, two would be killed instead of only one. The contents of the paper were as follows:

The Germans have invaded Belgium, bringing everywhere fire and sword. They have ravaged the land like a horde of barbarians. When Omar had burned down the library at Alexandria, one thought that a like deed would never be done again. But it has been done again at Louvain, whose library has been given over to the flames. There's the famous "Germanische Kultur" for you, which they have boasted so much about.

When I had got that far the officer stopped me. *Genug! Ab!* he exclaimed. Then somebody tried to plead for mercy for poor Dupiéreux. *Kein Wort mehr!* was the only answer. The doomed scholastic who had listened calmly to the reading of his notes, now asked for absolution. It was a task to get the officer to understand what was asked for. At length he granted the request. Dupiéreux knelt down and made his confession to Father Willaert, S.J. The two then gave each other a good-bye shake of the hand while the officer cried, *Vorwärts, für die Front!* The young chap was off at once, keeping his eyes on his crucifix all the time. At about fifteen yards in front of our line he was ordered to halt by the officer. Then four soldiers were brought into position between us and the doomed youth. His back was turned to the squad and to us and we all saw the white cross on his cassock. *Legt an! Feuer!* The four rifles made only one sound. Dupiéreux fell on his back to the ground. For a minute the arms twitched slightly. We were then made to walk half way round the field away from the scene. The twin brother of the dead Scholastic was of the number. One of us looked back to see what was going to happen next. The officer came to the body, put his pistol to one of the ears and fired. The bullet came out through the eye.

The officer then made me translate the following proclamation: "You will be brought along with us in our carts. When we get to a village, two or three of you will be sent to tell the burgo-master that he is to hold the people in check. If we are shot at from the houses we will burn the whole village and slaughter the inhabitants. You will meet the same fate as the people."

We climbed up into the carts, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could, some of us lying on the oats and some on the

planks. We had along with us Mgr. Ladeuze, Rector of the University, and Mgr. de Becker, President of the American College. So we went through Brussels, the crowd all the while wondering what was the meaning of the painful sight. At eight o'clock in the evening we were let go, thanks to the intervention of Rev. Father Provincial.

TERENCE KING.

Woman and Public Activity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The conclusion of your article "You Begin," in the issue for October 10, indicates the cause of the present public apathy with regard to the *Menace* and other scandals that are supinely tolerated by the Catholics of this country. In a democracy no legislative action can be hoped for that is not strongly supported by public opinion. And how can public opinion be strong when that portion of its citizens which possesses the zeal, fervor and equipment necessary to give tone to public opinion in such a crisis, is constantly being told except during church bazaars to remain at home? In the beginning man was told that he needed a helpmeet. That need persists to the present. Now it is an acknowledged fact that there is in this country an aristocracy of women capable of assisting man in the peculiar public conditions of to-day. Is it not therefore the wildest lack of wisdom for man to ignore his need and his helpmeet, if not in domestic concerns, at least in public affairs? The work of Catherine of Siena, Blanch of Castile, Matilda of Canossa and Victoria Guelph was of a public nature. If the crude American public opinion could be brought up to the public opinion of the times when those noble women went forth from their homes to give to the public the benefit of their God-given talents, Catholic public activity would not be so slow, so supine, so unintelligent, so apathetic and so indifferent.

Surely the Church is educating her women in her many excellent academies and colleges, not to bake bread and to scrub the floors of her home, but to make her capable of leadership in public and social affairs. And is it not again the height of folly to make her capable of taking the lead in battle, amid conditions such as ours, and at the same time to deny her the field where her zeal, her energy and her capabilities are sadly needed? Should I go to the Congressman of the district in which I live and ask to be protected from the insults of the *Menace* I should be given the same kind consideration as a child or a woman in the drawing-room receives; but there it would end. I am only a woman, not a voter. I assure you that I have been obliged to control my impulse to initiate something; I have too much sense I trust to attempt the impossible. I know with what extreme politeness legislators receive women.

You truly have struck the key to the solution of the problem. The country needs a Catherine of Siena; and because it is a democracy it needs all the numerous Catherines who are her disciples, and the Catherines need the credentials which will admit them to the council chamber without the stigma that is now placed upon a woman who attempts to initiate any public activity. I assure you that it is my Catholicity that has made of me a strong suffragist, despite the fact that preachers occasionally indulge in a little joke on the subject. My patience with Catholic men in public matters is quite exhausted. They surely need the spur of Catholic women with zeal and energy.

We women who would gladly give to the public the benefits which we receive from our holy religion, trust and pray that some day the Church in this beautiful country of ours will place woman once again where she was placed in those ideal Catholic days that seem to be forgotten, on the throne, not behind it. There she will be able to do the constructive work that is needed in this country, will form and mould public opinion as she forms and moulds her children's minds; and God will throw about her

the mantle of His protection, for she seldom undertakes a task, great or small, without invoking His blessing.

Buffalo, N. Y.

E. C. H.

Chaplains in the Field

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The reference in your issue of October 10 to the late Father Peter Tissot, S.J., chaplain of the 37th New York "Irish Rifles," is most interesting to the surviving members of the Grand Army, who remember his services in the field with the Army of the Potomac. He left a diary in which he recorded his experiences there, and which was published by the United States Catholic Historical Society in *Records and Studies* for January, 1903. In this he makes the following note of his opinion of the duties of a chaplain in the field. It seems to have a special value in these universal war times:

We often read of chaplains flying about on the battlefield from one wounded man to another through the thickest of the fight. I doubt whether it was ever done; at all events it should never be done. It is customary at the beginning of a battle for surgeons to choose a place in a house, if there be one, or a cluster of trees, where they hoist a red flag to show that it is a hospital where the wounded are gathered. It is an understood thing that the guns of both armies respect the red flag. That is the post of the chaplain. He should expose himself as little as possible. If he does expose himself he may be of service to a few, which is doubtful, but if in so doing he is killed, he will deprive numbers of others of his services after the battle. But even with the greatest precautions a chaplain may be very much exposed, owing to the shifting of the battlefield. A place which is very safe now may become the hottest in a very short time.

My experience has taught me that there is not much good to be done on the day of a battle. Most of the wounded are left scattered on the field. Even when they are gathered in one place the first thing they want is a nurse or surgeon, some one to attend to their wounds. Then they are generally packed so close, especially if it be in a room, that it is out of the question to hear a Confession, independently of the din, shouts, yells, "confusion worse confounded." It may be easier in an army wholly Catholic, where the chaplain wears a cassock and is recognized by all at once. There is a better chance of doing good after the battle, when the wounded are distributed in houses or tents. The place for a chaplain to do good is in the camp. If he does no good there, he had better stay at home.

Father Tissot was indeed an engaging personality to all who knew him. He was born at Mègeve, in Savoy, October 15, 1823, and entered the Society of Jesus, at Paris, October 10, 1852. He came to New York in 1846 and the following year was made one of the teaching corps at Fordham. He was ordained priest there by the famous Apostolic Nuncio to Brazil, Archbishop Bedini, on October 16, 1853. After the war he was treasurer at Fordham and finally ended his career prematurely by excessive work as a missionary. He died June 19, 1875. The official record of his army service says he was made chaplain of the 37th N. Y. Vols., May 28, 1861, and was mustered out with the regiment June 22, 1863. Although he says, as above quoted, a chaplain has no business on the battlefield, he did not follow his own teaching. It is recorded that in one severe engagement he was observed by General Hancock during the heaviest fire, oblivious of all danger, going about bending over the dying and the dead. "Who's that priest?" said the general to one of his staff. And the officer, an old Fordham student, answered with manifest pride: "That is Father Tissot, chaplain of the 37th New York."

There is splendid material waiting some future historian who will make up the record of the Catholic chaplains of the Civil War on both sides of the conflict.

G. A. R.

Newark, N. J.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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An Armistice on Christmas

There is a movement on foot to petition warring Europe to agree to an universal cessation of hostilities on Christmas day. This is a holy thought. If men will not for their own sakes and for the sake of mankind desist entirely from their work of desolation, they may perhaps consent for Christ's sake to halt the awful flow of blood at least for one short day. The nations who are in the field with the single exception of Japan are all Christian peoples, believing in the divinity of the Redeemer, hoping for salvation through His precious Blood, and professing to have heard and harkened to His teaching. France too is Catholic at heart; and even her atheistic officials are concerned, if not for the honor of God, at least for the good of man. It is devoutly to be wished that the cannon's roar may be hushed on the anniversary of the coming of the Prince of Peace, that the weary world may hear the message of "Peace on earth to men of good will." The day of "peace on earth" seems indeed to be a distant thing, but if only the dripping point of the sword can be sheathed for some few hours, at least its promise may be caught.

Christmas has always been a day of Christ-given joy to all the world, a joy that is the right of all men of good will. And who shall say that those who stand in the trenches, bearing the brunt of the battle, are not men of good will? They have not issued ultimatums nor ordered armaments; their part has been to obey the call of duty, and they have responded nobly. Why should they be defrauded of the hope of putting hatred out of their hearts on the day when Christ was born? Surely there is no need to desecrate the birthday of the Son of God. There will be time enough, alas! for them to shoot and kill their fellows. On Christmas day at least there should be peace. The Babe of Bethlehem has a weak and tiny voice. It can not be heard above the scream of murderous shells, and yet to-day more than ever before

there is dire need for all to hear that voice. An armistice on Christmas day! What a tribute to Jesus Christ!

Another Subsidy

Some few weeks ago our Government sent the Scorpion to Turkey, carrying \$200,000 of public money to Protestant institutions. A few days since the nation's purse was opened once again, and this time \$75,000 slipped into the coffers of similar institutions in Asia. The New York Sun announces this item of news as follows:

Takes Aid to Missionaries

CRUISER CARRIES \$75,000 TO JAFFA TO BE SENT TO JERUSALEM.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—For the relief of American missionaries in Turkey in Asia the cruiser North Carolina has been ordered to proceed to the port of Alexandria to get \$75,000 in gold, which is to be distributed under the direction of Ambassador Morgenthau.

The gold will be taken by the North Carolina to Jaffa and transported thence to Jerusalem for distribution. The gold is part of the sum appropriated by Congress for the relief of Americans stranded in the war zone.

How interesting! How kind! How apostolic! But how cruel! for, were not the real American citizens so busy grilling a certain Catholic candidate for the office of governor, about his connections concerning the use of public money for sectarian purposes, they would lie awake at night fretting over these incidents, or falling asleep, their slumbers would be disturbed by a vision of an "evangelical" tie in the presidential chair. Our Administration should take pity on real American citizens. These continual violations of "the character of our sacred, inviolable liberties, signed with the blood of our illustrious forbears—all said in one breath"—will prostrate real American citizens and there will be nobody left to 'preserve' our sacred palladium." Meantime, even while we write, the war zone is expanding enormously. Turkey in Europe, two weeks ago; Turkey in Asia now. Thibet next, India after that, then perhaps Norway, and later, perchance, Iceland. Maybe, however, there are no missionaries in the last-named place.

Days of Anxious Questioning

There never was a time perhaps when the world had such insistent need of renewing its faith in the doctrine of original sin. The catastrophe which is looming so large in Europe is making men listen to doubts about the goodness and providence of God. Those who have held high places and so command a hearing are discrediting the influence of religion, because it has not prevented the outbreak of war. Christianity is held up to scorn, as if its authority had been wholly undermined and its claims discovered to be groundless, and all because it has failed to exercise a sovereign influence over human passions and human freedom. Pages which are fear-

lessly blasphemous in their denunciation and repudiation of Almighty God, are applauded for their outspoken frankness. The problem of evil is obtruded on the public's and the individual's attention at every turn, and a morbid emphasis is laid on life's suffering and sorrow. Unfortunately nothing is proved, no explanation is offered; only false deductions are drawn. If men think of God at all, they declare Him cruel.

We have good reason to believe that our Catholics have in no way been tainted by this blasphemous unbelief, and yet there is need of watchfulness. Each one must look to himself lest he too give lodgment in the hidden depths of his inmost thoughts to evil questioning of the wisdom and benignity of the Lord God of all. Life's pain is not an unsolved and insolvable mystery, at least to us. Others may peer into the darkness and find no answer, but it is not so with the Church's children. We have the solution of revealed truth. We accept and believe the doctrine of original sin. Poverty and desolation, the wasting of tissue and the breaking of hearts, crime and death and war, all have their explanation in the transgression of God's law by the father of the human race. In these days, therefore, of growing and distressing doubt, Catholics would do well to search their hearts and minds and ask themselves how firm is their grasp on this fundamental dogma of the faith.

Catholic Chaplains in England's Armies

The British forces on the Continent had but twelve Catholic chaplains until recent agitation succeeded in inducing the War Office to add seven more. However, there are only eleven in actual service, and their disposition is in the hands of a Protestant minister who has assigned them to the hospitals, so that there is not one English-speaking chaplain in the immediate neighborhood of the firing line. There are a number of regiments that consist almost exclusively of Irish Catholics, and are usually posted where death is imminent and spiritual aid is urgent; and there are few regiments in which Catholics are not numerous. Not one of these has a Catholic chaplain, and there is no such thing as a chaplain marching with his regiment, for he has no regiment, being only appointed to a division when appointed at all. In view of the fact that there are now at least 93,000 Catholics on the fighting line, the attention of the Government was called in Parliament to the insufficiency of Catholic chaplains. Colonel Tennant replied that the regulations permitted no increase, and "The French priests will do what is necessary." It was pointed out that the implied confidence in the linguistic accomplishments of the Irish soldier was unwarranted; but the War Office stood firm. Mr. Asquith was expected to promise concessions in his Dublin recruiting speech, but he promised nothing.

The *Irish Catholic*, which has been running two lengthy editorials, one insisting that Irishmen shall enlist,

and the other that they can have no spiritual aid if they do, has also been telegraphing the War Office, urging the necessity of appointing Irish chaplains to Irish regiments, if they expect recruiting to thrive. The editor has got no satisfaction, the only reason assigned for not appointing field chaplains, being that "only a limited number of non-combatants can accompany the army in the field owing to demands on transports, etc." Meanwhile every French regiment has its *aumônier militaire*, not paid but provided with transportation to the front and permitted to serve, in addition to the priests in the ranks; and Germany's Catholic soldiers have their *Feld Kaplan*, with official rank and appointment. In fact, as is stated in the very loyal *Irish Catholic*, "Of all the belligerents England alone makes utterly inadequate provision for the eternal destiny of her soldiers in the field"; and a Catholic officer writes:

A few days ago a whole brigade of French troops went down on their knees and received absolution from the priest before going into action. The French Government is infidel. The British Government is esteemed most highly Christian. Yet under the former the Catholic soldier may secure his salvation in battle and under the latter he may not.

The provision for Catholic chaplains in the Navy is still more scanty. The cruisers recently sunk had a large number of Catholic sailors but no Catholic chaplain. We presume that the pressure of Catholic opinion and the urgency of recruiting bodies for the army, will secure that this shocking neglect of their souls shall be remedied. It is an Irish and British, not an American question; but inasmuch as American sympathy has been sought for, it is pertinent to observe that this will not be stimulated among Catholics by the continued refusal of the War Office to make spiritual provision for its Catholic soldiers in the ranks of death.

I Want to Know

It is not one State alone of these United States, or one town or even one individual alone that experiences the desire of having the truth manifested. "I want to know" is as universal a cry as "I want to eat." There is hunger and thirst in the soul as well as in the body. The power which gave man an eye with capacity and tendency for sight, an ear with capacity and tendency for sound, gave the soul a curiosity with a capacity and tendency for knowledge. The reason why these commonplace remarks acquire a particular and pertinent appropriateness here and now is found in the multiplication to-day of the means of gaining information. Horizons are indefinitely extended; the sphere of sound prolongs its radii to tremendous distances. The voice that sailed on the waves of air and sped a few yards away, has now been launched on a sea of less sluggish billows and sweeps in vastly wider surges to thousands of miles. Nor need we await the sound's travel along the channels of wire when even swifter channels open up to it through all the radiating

air. If sound speeds so lightly over the oceans of ether, color will not be outdone. In fact color has always been traveling on the waves that sound has but recently sailed upon, but we do not see as far as we hear, simply because we have no mechanical eye as delicate as the mechanical ear, which from wires or from wireless ether echoes back to sound the far-off vibrations of the voice or metal.

Until we are able to see through woods and mountains and the swelling sides of the world, we shall have to content ourselves with the lofty eye of the aeroplane and the long-distance eye of the telescope to accompany the extended ear of the telephone. The man who wants to know to-day, has ample means at his disposal of gaining information. If time and inventiveness changed the toy, zoetrope, into the long reel of the moving picture where flowers grow and butterflies unfold and far-off battles are fought, what may we not expect of other mechanical devices? When the seismograph grows more delicate, we may be able to catch the foot-step of father as he leaves his office, or hear the crash when one snow-flake falls upon another.

But why should eye and ear be the only senses with enlarged boundaries? Does it savor of the "Arabian Nights" to dream that man one day may be able to attach to his nose a sensitive receiver which will bring him the fragrance of the tropics, or draw across his lips by some delicate device sips of Oriental beverages or tastes of Parisian *chef d'œuvres*. Why, we behold daily almost as wonderful extensions of knowledge in response to the cry, "I want to know." Sex-hygiene makes physicians of primary pupils; biology and anatomy transform sweet girl-graduates into expert surgeons; committees, slummers, and novelists have thrown every crime upon the revealing screen; advertising and publicity have lifted the veil from all other secrets of dress or disease or what not.

If aeroplanes, as has been said, have done away with surprise in war, are we not rapidly coming to the time when the fresh, delightful and invigorating shock of surprise will disappear from everything? Will not the appetite for information grow jaded and pall? There is complete assurance from one who in olden days wanted to know and who refused nothing whatsoever his eyes desired, that all the knowledge of the world was vanity and that he still wanted to know. The uttermost widening of the horizon of sense can not sate a thirst for truth which overleaps such narrow restrictions and extends to the boundless circle of infinity. But what are the hosts of mankind doing to improve the means of gaining information for the soul and to keep pace with the wonderful inventions for enlarging the scope of the senses? Here and there recently a few men have begun to make retreats to get a nearer view of God. They have closed out sounds to hear better and have gone away from engrossing sights that they may see farther and deeper and have resolutely held aloof from distracting thoughts that

their unweighted souls may soar to sublimer heights and attain unto more dazzling visions. Few, too few, are they who really want to know.

LITERATURE

The Postern Gate of Happiness

In "The Fugitive," one of the three plays in the latest volume of his dramatic works (Scribner's) Mr. Galsworthy introduces us to a young married couple. The wife has ceased to love her husband and declares that, for this reason, her conscience will not allow her to continue to live as his wife. The husband is a considerate, well-bred gentleman and is ready to make every concession to save his wife's honor and his own. The wife has a literary friend, a clever journalist of advanced ideas, who encourages her, disinterestedly, of course, to live up to her high feminist ideas. The wife departs clandestinely, and for three months earns her own living as a shop-girl. It is an irksome and dreary existence; it helps her, however, to discover that her regard for her literary friend is not wholly platonic. Wherefore she flings herself at the head of this guide, philosopher and friend; and, alas for philosophy! he plays the rôle of Barkus rather than Plato. Troubles multiply. The wronged husband makes it unpleasant for the literary friend by cutting off his sources of income. In this disagreeable extremity the literary friend concludes that the lady is something of a nuisance. She is sharp enough to read the bitter truth in his eyes and does not wait for formal notice. In the last scene she turns up, beautiful, well-dressed, and with her last penny spent, in a fashionable café of the flashy kind. She flings herself again in tragic desperation at the head of the first comer. A stranger buys her liberal champagne, and, during a pause, she covertly swallows a deadly drug and passes away as the curtain falls.

Old stuff, this! Nay, gentle reader, not so fast! The villain in this play is the husband! The insinuating literary friend is the hero! The selfish wife is the heroine. If we do not gnash our teeth at the husband, and admire the lofty philosophy of the literary friend, and shed a tear of sympathy—sympathy, not merely of comprehension, to use De Quincey's distinction—but of pity and approbation over the headstrong wife, then Mr. Galsworthy's play has been written in vain. If we are not convinced that the traditional ideas about marriage are not cruel anachronisms, then Mr. Galsworthy has labored to no purpose.

"You see," this poor, silly wife is made to say, "I'm too fine, and not fine enough. I couldn't be a saint and martyr and I wouldn't be a soulless doll." "The Dolls' House!" Ibsen, for all the world! Most of this feminist truck is imported from foreign languages. With a dash of Oscar Wilde to make it smart and English, it seems to take very well with the ordinary English and American audience. But we invite attention to the quotation. It is a striking sentence and is made more striking in the play itself by several repetitions. It gives us the key to the feminist philosophy on marriage. Incidentally it discloses the central viciousness of that philosophy, an old and sordid viciousness at that. "What are called advanced ideas," writes a modern pagan in a luminous interval, "are really in great part but the latest fashion in definition, a more accurate expression, by words in *logy* and *ism*, of sensations which men and women have vaguely grasped for centuries." We hesitate to describe in common phraseology the century-old sensations which find themselves expressed in the modern word, feminism.

In Mr. Galsworthy's play the fallen wife was wrong. She could be "a saint and martyr," and she need not have been "a soulless doll." She could be what all men and women are supposed to be, and what, as a consoling matter of fact, the vast majority of men and women actually are. She could live up to a

solemn obligation, entered into deliberately and voluntarily. She could have consulted the feelings of her husband, and of her own and his kindred, instead of concentrating all her thought in a spirit of narrow egoism upon herself. She need not have yielded to gross temptation nor degraded her womanhood through sensual weakness. She could have practised the decencies which a moderate self-restraint imposes. This was only what she meant when she declared she could not be a "saint and martyr." What an intolerable world it would be if ordinary obligations were considered as too heroic to be met by common human nature; and, in the absence of a purely fanciful heroism of character, it were erected into a principle of conduct and a rule of life that we must evade the law rather than be crushed by it!

We do not deny that present educational policies, purely pagan as far as moral strengthening is concerned, tend to multiply men and women of the type of the hero and heroine in this play. Marriage means the assumption of a series of duties which are often attractive by their appeal to emotional forces. But duty seldom remains forever a synonym for pleasure. The hour and the mood are sure to come when duty will rise stark and forbidding before our eyes, stripped of its inspiration and romance. Then is steadfastness tried. Then must the soul stand firm and unflinching to win its peace and its honor through struggle, or retreat covered with a shame and a cowardice which no ingenious justification by authors of "advanced ideas" can make the soul forget.

Fortitude in the marriage state is, we think, a virtue which calls in a special way upon the resources of religion. The marriage vow is a religious act which only religion can make possible of complete fulfilment. Human love, it has been shrewdly observed, must be something more than human, or it is sure to be something less. Only religious considerations can ennoble the joy and sorrow of married life; and, when these considerations are not present, the husband or the wife will find it too trying, in certain crises, to be a "saint and martyr," and will either seek accommodation in some low and ghastly compromise or fling decency to the winds.

Let us not look back to the Cornelias and Lucretias of old time. Our civilization is not the kind that can thrive on the customs of the antique world. If it venture to get along with pagan morals, it will find itself at once too fine and not fine enough. Too fine, on account of its inherited Christian instincts and spiritual refinement. Not fine enough, because it scoffs at truths which Socrates would have died of sheer joy to have known.

The crowning mistake and sadness of popular literature, such as that we have been reviewing, is that it is over-busy in picking from the rough, coarse texture of duty the silver strands of happiness. Only the small writers do this. Genius knows that happiness is conditioned in brave endurance.

Blind fumblers that we be
About the portals of felicity,

We can not hope to pass the Angel with the flaming sword or to come upon a hidden postern to the unmixed Paradisal delights of the age of innocence. The moth will first find a safe way of plunging into fire. The only practical system of hedonism so far discovered is the one described in the well-known phrase of Montesquieu referring to the Catholic religion: "While it seems only to have in view the felicity of the other life, it constitutes the happiness of this." The paradoxical recipe for happiness, that we must despise it in order to find it, is not intelligible outside of its Christian context and without the perspective of eternity beyond the temporal career of the immortal soul.

It can not be necessary to warn serious and well-intentioned readers against the large school of popular writers of whom Mr. Galsworthy is one of the leaders. Their art is manifestly of the day. These plays, for instance, are from an artistic point of view leagues behind Sheridan's or Goldsmith's, being little more

than socialistic tracts. In all the writings of this school indecency, inseparable from a central baseness, shamelessly intrudes itself at odd intervals. Apology is often made in the stock statement, that the advocates of advanced ideas are not writing for the young and foolish but for sensible and matured minds. We have only to remark in reply that, if they depended for their readers upon the patronage of sensible and matured minds, not one of them could find a publisher for his books. Their plays and novels and essays have a glittering fascination for culture at its shallow and immature stages. The young and foolish, who need to be saved from themselves, make up the bulk of the readers of "advanced" literature and have done most to give its authors their literary fame and their worldly fortune.

It might shock, or merely amuse, Mr. Galsworthy, who hates war, to learn that there are persons who seriously believe that the manslaughtering artilleries of Europe, now so active, are scattering abroad less damaging projectiles than his own books and plays. Yet that is our deliberate opinion, shared, we are fain to be persuaded, by most thoughtful men and women who happen to have bestowed a thought upon Mr. Galsworthy. It is an opinion based upon the principles that spiritual death is worse to the individual and society than bodily death, and upon the fearful warning to those that give scandal to the young and helpless.

J. J. D.

REVIEWS

Prodigals and Sons. By JOHN AYSKOUGH. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25.

The twenty-seven prodigals and sons that are happily and permanently housed in the 320 pages of this goodly book will find a generous welcome at their home coming. They had been away in India and Egypt, France, Germany, Malta and out-of-the-way corners of England, in barracks, Anglican convents and old-fashioned houses, and in abbeys that are long out of fashion. Some of the tales have a cousinly resemblance to old acquaintances of "Gracechurch" and "Monksbridge," and some are versions of olden miracle legends that labor not at all to tune the miraculous to a less believing generation. There are several deft disentanglements of eastern and western mysteries that prove Mr. Bickerstaffe as keen a detective as Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown. Through all of them there runs the genial stream of mellow humor and gentle irony and kindly wisdom and the purest and pleasingest of modern English, that characterizes the writings of John Ayscough. There is a dish for every taste. There is comedy and tragedy, but the comic has a way of popping up almost anywhere, even from a death's-head. The author's saying that a certain English road is "as flat as a comic paper" can never apply to a paper of his. His writing seems invariably a perfect fit for the body of his thought, but it is the content, not the garment, he is thinking of. Like his youthful baronet of Blackfriars Court, he is "a cheery person and took his share of all the innocent pleasures of life; but he had a serious purpose in it, too." He never preaches, yet every story has a lesson that comes both unawares and welcome. "Blackfriars Court" and "The Happy End of Sister Elizabeth" carry more of the essence of the last five centuries of England's religious history than most of the regular histories, and hold more humor than the joke-books—a humor that is always kind and knowing, lighting up and sweetening the tragedies and hardnesses of life. John Ayscough's houses and streets are very real, like his people, but he shows you nicer things in them than are ordinarily observed. There is scarcely a page but invites quotation, yet each would give no more adequate idea of the book than that presented of the "Happy End of Sister Elizabeth," in the last lines which consign her "remains" to Mr.

Trevethick. The tales vary in merit as in subject, but they form the best collection of the author's short stories, which is superlative praise. M. K.

Demosthenes and the Last Days of Greek Freedom, 394-322 B.C. By A. W. PICKARD-CAMBRIDGE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.

This new volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series will be welcomed by students of Grecian oratory. The author shows a mastery of his originals and of the modern Continental works dealing directly and indirectly with his subject. His attitude is that of a temperate enthusiasm for the great statesman, coupled with the fair-minded historian's desire to hold the scales even. He is less willing than Professor Goodwin to accept Demosthenes' authority on points where active antagonism of a thoroughly good hater was allowed free and unscrupulous play. He sifts statements, gives his findings, and at the close of each chapter adds brief notes for the more leisured or more scholarly reader. His summing up is judicious and will carry the assent of the many. It is interesting to turn to some of the more notable points of Demosthenic criticism, which the reader will find adequately treated. The attitude of the orator in the negotiations concerning the peace of Philocrates has met with condemnation; but our author judges him mildly. Demosthenes had worked for the peace, but merely as a breathing space. But that Philocrates and Æschines were hirelings of Philip is not proved. As for Philip, he had about as much respect for a treaty as a modern European Power would have for a "Keep off the grass" sign, set up in the line of march.

As a judicial biographer Mr. Pickard-Cambridge is not blind to the faults of Demosthenes, and in summing up the orator's policy he is whole-hearted in praising what is admirable in the great Athenian. The book is sure to prove serviceable to those studying "The Philippics" and "The Crown," but will it have an equal interest for the larger public which this "Heroes of the Nations" series aims to reach? We hope so.

A. P. M.

An Introduction to Medieval English Literature. By CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

"What is a monastery, and how might its influence go forth upon literature?" asks Dr. Baldwin. "Without understanding this, it is impossible to comprehend adequately the course of English literature through several centuries." The answer is found in a discussion of monasteries and the religious life, which is remarkably complete, accurate and sympathetic. Your dry-as-dust savant, satisfied with nothing less than the original rubricated MS., will probably tilt his horn-bespectacled nose at this compact, but thorough little treatise, which Dr. Baldwin has written with an eye to the practical needs of "students not especially trained." The bibliography is excellent; in no case, as far as we have noted, is teacher or student referred to sources not fairly accessible. Dr. Baldwin has produced a book which will interest every lover of early English, and which can be recommended cordially for use in Catholic colleges and academies. P. L. B.

Between the Old World and the New. By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

This is a chronicle of events which took place in the course of a voyage from Brazil to Italy. In his preface the author informs us that his work "is not a romance, a volume of travel, or a drama, nor is it a treatise of philosophy or sociology. It is a dialogue." After a careful inspection of its pages, we are inclined to agree with him. It is not, in very truth, any or all of these, though there is an element of each contained therein.

Professor Ferrero takes us with him in spirit to the bridge of the good ship Cordova, as she steams out of the bay of Rio de Janeiro and points out to us the various details of that scene which has been so often and so well described. Then, when the shore line has grown dim and the shadow of sea-voyage sameness is coming upon us, he dispels the threatening cloud by introducing us into a little circle of fellow-voyagers who are singularly keen on debate, and the dialogue begins.

There is all the desultoriness that lends charm to discussions of this sort, but, we regret to add, also the haziness that arises when there is failure to agree upon definitions. The subjects of the dialogue are varied, philosophical and otherwise, and serve to while away the waking hours of the long voyage. But unlike the voyage they reach no very determinate end. Truth, beauty, art, progress are a portion of the intellectual harvest thrown by the disputants upon the winnowing-floor, but, the threshing done, there is scarcely enough good grain to repay the wielders of the flail and little if any to be stored in the granaries of thought.

Signor Rosetti, who seems to be the centre of the group, has doubtless done some thinking in the course of his varied career, but thought and accurate thought are two different things. We are not in a position to judge of his asserted ability as an engineer, but we trust that he used his instruments with greater precision than he displays in handling certain fundamental philosophical principles and ideas and the phrases he employs to express these ideas.

We regret that we can not subscribe with the enthusiasm of the author and his companions to Signor Rosetti's words, when he represents men as being forced to gird themselves day by day "to their unending journey—Truth." "Clear as the stars to which Rosetti pointed," says Professor Ferrero, "was the light shed by his answer on the dark night which enveloped our thoughts." Perhaps he was pointing to the Milky Way. The light which comes to us from his reasoning does not give us the impression that he was indicating the Southern Cross.

The question proposed by the author in his preface, "Why is it that, at the height of his power, man is still discontented and restless?" is not answered by the "philosophy of limits." The answer is clear and was given centuries ago by St. Augustine when he said: "Thou hast fashioned us for Thyself, and our heart is aweary until it rest in Thee."

E. P. T.

The True Ulysses S. Grant. By General CHARLES KING. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.

The "True" biography and history series, of which this is the twelfth, has a rather provocative title, seeming to imply that previous biographers of American celebrities kept the truth from their readers or had it not to give, and that the Lippincott writers were the first to possess and unfold it in its fulness. Neither implication is true, and though the series are readable and interesting, and have therefore propagated knowledge, they have added little to its sum. The fact that they are, to a large extent, hero books, while securing them the note of popularity, detracts, or at least would appear to detract, from their historical value. This appearance of always writing up his hero rather disposes the reader to undervalue General King's biography, which is in reality an adequate and well-proportioned as well as interesting presentation of the character and achievements of a great American who had hero traits, and therefore, without disparagement to greater because more comprehensive lives of Grant, has intrinsic claims to its title. Grant's own memoirs present the truest picture of the man and his deeds as far as they go, but his modesty kept him silent on many

details that are essential to the completion of his portrait. General King's worship of his hero has not prevented him from painting in "the warts," but it has impelled him to bestow on several of Grant's rivals and contemporaries warts which they did not possess. A western man and a volunteer, he has slight regard for eastern generals, and his irritation against the perfect West Pointer is also amusing; but in the main he is accurate, knows how to write so as to be read, and gives as comprehensive account of the great war and its personages as 400 pages may conveniently hold. His views on tactics and persons are no more and no less biased than those of most other military writers, and his selection of illustrations, some thirty in number, are similarly arbitrary. We miss Sheridan from the list, and could afford to miss several of those included. But the bias, while adding to the interest, is not such as seriously to depreciate the value of the book.

M. K.

Songs of Sixpence. By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

We are reminded that to see things from the child's view-point one must get down to the child's level; to appreciate a child's joys and sorrows it is necessary to feel how the little heart throbs. According to Francis Thompson, if we would measure a child's grief we must also measure his capacity for bearing that grief. This seeing into childlife is a gift not given to every one. Abbie Farwell Brown, however, comes very close to the true note in some of the poems in "Songs of Sixpence."

I'm not as tall as you, sir,
However straight I stand;
But I am tall enough to peep
Across to Fairyland.

is refreshing in the midst of so much modern infantile precocity that has outgrown Fairyland and turns up its snobbish little nose at Santa Claus and Little Bo-Peep. The children tell us a simple but beautiful truth in a "Wee Little Song":

A wee little time to be little
And a long, long time to be tall.
Then why should we want to be growing?
Oh, why should we hate to be small?

A wee little time to be little
And a long, long time to be tall.
But we know how to be happy
And they have forgotten it all!

Few indeed keep very long the secret of knowing how to play. It is locked up somewhere in the heart of childhood, but the author has found it.

The humorous side of child play, too, is delightfully put in "All Wool." The child fears for the lambkin in the rain:

How very horrid it would be
If they should shrink when wet!
He cannot take his woolies off
And wear another set.

Again,

The bad bumble-bee has a pin in his tail,
Mosquito has one in his nose.
The dear little kittens
Have pins in their mittens,
And Ouch! There are pins on the rose!

brings us back to the days of "Old Mother Hubbard." The "Taller Poems" are not so appealing. In them we feel at once that we are out of the real Fairyland, and some of them might have been dropped entirely without injury to the volume.

J. S. H.

Fine Clay. By ISABEL C. CLARKE. New York: Benziger Bros. \$1.35.

This is the story of a charming little boy who clung to the treasure of his Faith amid surroundings that were hostile and prejudiced. It brings out the very vital truth that a mother's influence is potent for good long after her voice is silent, and that the seeds of religion planted in childhood years will blossom unto fruitfulness even though the tender shrub may be violently transplanted into soil that is hard and exposed to blasts that are biting. There is no mistaking the moral of this tale: the Catholic Faith first and last, is the real prize-heritage worth leaving a child.

It is a pity that Miss Clarke makes us wait for more than 185 pages before we meet Ambrose, who is the centre of interest and a very well-drawn character. Yolande is the dominating figure in the first part of the book, and though a delightful girl in her innocence and beauty, she is a bit disappointing in her infatuation for a man who is a wild young blade, and wins her love by deception. Her Catholic instinct, however, heartens and protects Yolande in the difficulties that her lying lover brings into her life. The author's style is pleasing. The dialogue at times, being too profuse, loses in strength and interest. Nor is anything gained by the frequent use of French phrases in the earlier pages of the story. "Envisaged" is noticeably a favorite word. More compression in the first 200 pages would have made "Fine Clay" a stronger story.

G. C. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Among the new editions that have lately been brought out by Catholic publishers are "Among the Hurons" (America Press, \$1.25), the second volume of Father Campbell's "Pioneer Priests of North America"; a neat and handy Douay Bible (Benziger, \$1.00), the low price of which should give it a good sale; and a revised and enlarged edition of H. E. Hall's "The Shadow of Peter" (Kenedy, \$0.70), a valuable apologetic work reviewed in our issue of August 1, 1914. In the fifty pages the author has added to the book he discusses historical questions like "St. Cyprian and the Primacy" and gives further consideration to the Anglican Orders controversy. Cardinal Gasquet writes the preface for this new edition.

"The Universe and Mayonnaise" (Lane, \$1.00), an attractively illustrated book, in which T. Brailsford Robertson undertakes to make "science" interesting to children, seems quite harmless until the chapter is reached that offers this information: "They [the Spaniards] had guns and knew how to shoot them, which was the only thing they knew that the Incas didn't know." So the ancient South American sun-worshippers, it would appear, practised a higher form of religion than the Catholics of Spain. Mr. Robertson's little readers are also told how "Mr. and Mrs. Anthropoid Ape," the early inhabitants of Siberia, happened to have a gifted son named "Homo" who taught his stupid relatives the value of fire. So "Evolution for the Nursery" would perhaps be a better title for the book.

A "Digest of the Savings Bank Laws," by Joseph R. Praetz, LL.B. of New York (the author, \$1.00), is a neat little volume which appears to be a marvel of close and accurate analysis of the complex New York Savings Bank Law. While it is intended primarily for the lawyer, the bank official and the regular depositor, it is not without interest to the impecunious casual reader. What to do when you lose your pass-book, what disposition is made of dormant accounts, the punishment to be inflicted upon one who utters false rumors about the value of

securities, are among the topics upon which information is given. The book should be of interest to the 3,181,248 thrifty New York folk, who wish to know what protection the law gives the little hoard of nearly two billion dollars which they have stored up against a rainy day.

Into "The Joyful Heart" (Houghton, \$1.00.) Robert Haven Schauffler has gathered a little philosophy, some sound common sense, much good humor, some daring "journallese," a wee bit of poetry, some good advice and considerable bad theology. Like Bishop Kepler's "More Joy," it is a plea for joy, insisting much less on the spiritual promoters of joy and devoting large space to the value of health and the natural virtues as sources of joy. Pantheistic tendencies reveal themselves in such expressions as: "What is a man's own soul but a small stream of the infinite, eternal water of life?" The author sees hope for the future in the late revival of poetry, the increasing love of sports, and the wide use nowadays of gramophones. Yet men there be, alas! who find the joy of living lessened by the very ubiquity of the phonograph.

"Jean Gilles, Schoolboy" (Putnam, \$1.25), has been excellently translated into English by Lady Theodora Davidson from the original French by André Lafon. The book has an extrinsic value from the fact that it was awarded the Grand Prix De Littérature by the Académie Française, but over and beyond this it has an interest of its own. It impresses one irresistibly as being a very truthful portrayal of a French boy; it would seem to be almost an exact transcription of the author's own youthful diary, so vivid and natural are its pages. This is responsible for the sameness and plainness of style, that would border at times on the tiresome, were it not that one feels that it is to the boy himself that one is listening. Throughout the narrative there is a good deal of imagination of a very refined kind and a strain of pathos that invests the strange and not wholly lovable character of Jean. It has the delicacy of touch of which French writers have such a mastery, and, a thing that is less characteristic of them, is wholesome and pure.

"The Street of Seven Stars," by Mary Robert Rinehart (Houghton, \$1.25), is the story of student life in Vienna, and is centred about the struggle and sacrifices of several Americans who are ambitious for fame. The title names the location of an old royal hunting-lodge, where, to make ends meet and provide comfort for all, a post-graduate medical student sets up an establishment with a gifted young musician and an older woman physician as chaperone. The three impecunious idealists are actuated by kindly and pure motives, but the success of the unusual domestic arrangement seems to argue for the disregard of the safeguards of virtue and to reflect the modern tendency to uproot all barriers to personal liberty. The self-effacing and generous Peter Byrne and the girl violinist, Harmony Wells, whose charm and trust are wonderful, are most lovable characters, and their nobleness carries them over a most unconventional but innocent intimacy to the true haven of happiness, despite the lure of a career apart. The Catholic reader will be pained to find that almost the only reference to anything religious regards some visits made to the wayside cross by the worst sinner in the book.

Once again James Willard Schultz, the author of several Indian stories for boys, takes his readers over the Plains "On the Warpath" (Houghton, \$1.25) with Pitamakan, the young Indian hero. From the time of the boy's first appearance at Fort Benton, until he finally merits the rank of Chief of the Black Robe band, there are many exciting adventures,

told with that care for particulars which make the narrative realistic. The writer has given his hero an attractive, manly character, devoted to his parents and true to his friends.—Rosie O'Brien is the twelve-year-old heroine of Parker Fillmore's "Rosie World" (Holt, \$1.30). Though upon her own confession, she is backward at school and must "work awful hard just barely to pass," she possesses deep knowledge along certain lines, due to her attendance at the "Little Mothers'" classes, and she does her lowly best to make her prosy world a rosy one. The love affairs of her sister Ellen make dismal reading and some of the details were better omitted. "Divorce is so common nowadays, it don't mean a thing!" is Ellen's excuse for keeping company with a divorced man. Yet the author would imply that the O'Briens are Catholics!

The following passage is quoted by a contemporary as a good example of the "balance, dignity and proportion" that are so characteristic of Dr. Johnson's prose:

He is happy that carries about with him in the world the temper of the cloister; and preserves the fear of doing evil, while he suffers himself to be impelled by the zeal of doing good, who uses the comforts and conveniences of his condition as though he used them not, with that constant desire of a better state, which sinks the value of earthly things; who can be rich or poor, without pride in riches, or discontent in poverty; who can manage the business of this life with such indifference as may shut out from his heart all incitements to fraud or injustice; who can partake the pleasures of sense with temperance, and enjoy the distinctions of honor with moderation; who can pass undefiled through a polluted world; and, among all the vicissitudes of good and evil, have his heart fixed only where true joys are to be found.

Besides being excellent English, the paragraph is admirable doctrine. The words show how Catholic-minded the great moralist was.

The Boston *Evening Transcript* offered its readers the following "Saxon-worded" translation by Mr. Prentiss Cummings of Horace's famous "Eheu! Fugaces":

The years, alas! the fleeting years! Away
They glide; nor can thy pitey one moment stay
Wrinkled old age, nor death's dread march delay.

Were all thy kine to Pluto's altars brought
With sighs and tears, grim Pluto heedeth not.
Thou canst not so escape thy mortal lot.

For all of earth must cross his streams which hold,
Imprisoned, rich and poor, the warrior bold,
And storied giants, haughty chiefs of old.

We shun the billows of the roaring main,
Shun fever-laden winds, and autumn's rain,
And hide from bloody wars—but all is vain.

Earth surely thou must leave, and home, and kin,
And visit Pluto's realm to dwell therein,
And see the sinner punished for his sin;

Must leave, brief owner, lands and all you crave,
For not one tree shall share thy journey, save
The sombre cypress. That shall deck thy grave.

Wines fit for pontiffs which you hoard with care,
And guard with locks, and all unwisely spare,
Will drench the pavements of a wasteful heir.

It is now considered so offensively "high-brow" to translate or even to quote Horace that the *Transcript's* "Listener" shows great courage in publishing these verses. Those who are old-fashioned enough to enjoy the Latin classics still, are inclined to conceal their penchant as they would a humiliating weakness.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Harper and Brothers, New York:

The Copy-Cat and Other Stories. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. \$1.25;
The Auction Block. By Rex Beach, \$1.25.

Henry Holt & Co., New York:

A Book of English Essays. By C. T. Winchester.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

The Reading Public. By MacGregor Jenkins. \$0.75; The Witch. By Mary Johnston, \$1.40; War's Aftermath. By David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan, \$0.75; The Boy Fugitives in Mexico. By Worthington Green. \$1.25.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York:

The Red Ascent. By Esther W. Neill. \$1.00.

John Lane Co., New York:

The Universe and the Mayonnaise. By T. Brailsford Robertson. \$1.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:

Essays Political and Historical. By Charlemagne Tower. \$1.50; Heroes and Heroines of Fiction. By William S. Walsh. \$3.00; The True Ulysses S. Grant. By General Charles King. 24 Illustrations. \$2.00.

The Macmillan Co., New York:

Essays on Books. By William Lyon Phelps. \$1.50; With Poor Immigrants to America. By Stephen Graham. \$2.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

The Real "Truth About Germany". By Douglas Sladen, with an Appendix by A. Maurice Low, M.A. \$1.00.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

The Cruise of the Janet Nichol. By Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. \$1.75.

EDUCATION

Studying the Child

The most hopeful sign of progress in our educational methods is our changed attitude toward the child. We are trying to put ourselves in his place, to get into his mind and heart, to look from his eyes upon the general scheme of things in this rather topsy-turvy world. What is this marvelously complex being, this small boy or girl, whom we propose to "educate"? In the abstract, we know that he is a rational animal. But we have questions of deeper import to propose. The subject of our educational process as he creeps unwillingly to school, or sits in the benches of our schools, his small wits struggling with the intricacies of multiplication, is no abstract proposition, but a very concrete reality. What is the reaction of his soul to our carefully spun theories of mental and physical development? What does this too often unwilling subject of our experimentation think of the whole process? In our own minds this experimentation is freighted with wisdom, admirably adapted to attain its end. But what does it mean to him? Once we can get his point of view, we have found the answer to many a perplexing question. Some learned writer—or was it genial old Izaak himself?—has said, that could we formulate a clear and definite outline of the psychological processes which take place in a fish as he approaches the hook and swims away from it, the piscatorial art would be as simple and as prosaic as digging potatoes. Our hauls would be enormous, for our knowledge of the fish's point of view would be a bait superior to the most attractive lure within the devising of the cleverest of anglers.

The ultra scientific methods of the later nineteenth century, devised for the most part by arm-chair pedagogues emeriti, whose practical acquaintance with the problems of the classroom terminated with the outbreak of the Civil War or thereabouts, paid little attention to the point of view entertained by the child. This was like buying a suit of clothes without reference to the small human who was to bear them about in the face of the world. No wonder that, when garbed in them, he sometimes looked a figure o' fun, an unwilling mad Tom with overlarge raiment and a straw in his hair. In his delightful essay, "Child's Play," Stevenson regrets the general inability of adult mankind to understand the child. True, this is not easy, for the child bears about him the air of that mysterious country from which he has somehow

strayed. He is wheeled hither and thither in a perambulator, gravely regarding, from wide eyes, the passing stranger. He is towed forward, sideways, in a kind of stupor, by an inexorable nurse, when he would cast a last long, lingering look at a huge guardsman, disappearing below his horizon with a most musical jingle of spur and clank of chain. Later on, when he goes to school, he is sorely pressed to place those bearded or petticoated giants, who profess the tenderest solicitude for him, and yet, every now and then reach down out of Olympic altitudes, and terribly vindicate the privileges of age. Off goes the child, smarting corporally, and morally rebellious. "I would give a good deal," comments Stevenson, "to know that child's unvarnished feeling. The dread irrationality of the whole proceeding, as it seems to him, is a theory we are all too ready to forget."

Once more are we beginning to realize what our remoter ancestors, who lived in simpler days, took for granted, that the child is a new book with divers uncut pages; a bilingual book, at least, for in it is more than one chapter written in a language not understood by the commonalty of schoolmasters. This realization is a distinct gain. Lacking the gift of self-expression, the child himself can not cut these pages, nor translate the occult language into terms intelligible to the adult mind. This we must do for ourselves, by dint of long and patient study. The finer spirit of child-study has flowered in its modern endeavor to read the child by gentleness and patience, in its reaffirmation of the old principle that we can not deal with children in the mass, since, after allowance has been made for the nature common to all, each child still remains his own world of shortcomings and capabilities. If educational processes are to help, not spoil, the child, they must consider his individual characteristics. No educator has ever denied this truth, but only great teachers have consistently taken it into account. No one acquainted with the classroom will deny that much of what appears to be stupidity, temper, insubordination and general unruliness, is occasioned not by any untoward disposition of the child's soul, but by some definite ailment of his body. Too often, in the past, ignorant teachers have attempted to "break the child of bad habits" by harsh measures of physical repression and chastisement. Even at present there are those who look upon the rod as a therapeutic of sovereign efficacy. But these are the exception. How far we have traveled from the generation which could emblazon the rod and thongs of the schoolmaster on the seals of English public schools, may be learned from a comparison of the methods now accepted even in the sternest of institutions, with the following description of a school-system in the Duchy of Brunswick, toward the close of the sixteenth century:

When I think of the people's school in which the apples of their fathers' eyes, the darlings of their mothers, are huddled together, I am filled with pity for these poor little creatures who are crowded together in a space where scarcely half of them could sit comfortably. And as, moreover, the school building is situated in a dark, poky corner of the town where no wind and air have access, how is it possible that in such close, smelling quarters, the poor children should not be the victims of all sorts of diseases? (Frischlin, quoted in Janssen's History of the German People.)

So low had the teachers in these wretched schools fallen, that it was found necessary to issue an order, that in the infliction of punishment

every teacher must abstain from all manner of swearing and unsuitable language; they must not hit the boys in the face with keys, books or fists; they must not knock them down cruelly over the benches, tear their clothes, pull their ears, injure their sight and hearing, and flog them like hangmen.

To what evil spirit are these black pages in the history of child-training to be attributed? Men may have been rougher

in their manners, more open in deeds of violence in those days, but there is no reason to believe that, as a class, the inhabitants of sixteenth century Brunswick were more brutal than their modern descendants. The evils which infested the schools took their rise, remotely, in the wreck of the old ideals, which had fallen in the revolt against the Church. For centuries, education and religion had worked in harmony. When religion was rejected, the school, thus suddenly dissevered from its ancient support, was left to shift as best it might. As a Church, Protestantism had not as yet interested itself in the school. Deeply involved in the political and religious turmoils of that troubled period, the community had no realization of its duty in problems of education. Any ruin might serve to house the children. Any broken-down soldier, home from the wars, or a clergyman unfit for higher duties, was accepted, or at least, was suffered to be a schoolmaster. Whatever plans this worthy might hit upon in his new calling, were borne with, not so much because the community approved them, as because the community had so little interest in the schools that it did not fully recognize their evil effects upon the children. Given a general lack of interest on the part of the community in the education of children, and the incompetent teacher is ever to the fore. With him, comes the tendency to group the pupils under one rigid discipline, without reference to their needs or capabilities, moral or physical.

In our own day, too much, perhaps, is made of the "individuality" of the child, and methods may be adopted in our primary schools which discredit a pedagogical truth of first importance. If so, this tendency would but indicate a natural reaction from the extreme principles which struck deep root in the northern countries of the Continent in the years following the religious revolt of the sixteenth century. To study and know the individual child, to take advantage of his natural bent, to temper the necessary exercise of authority with a parental kindness which wins the confidence of the child, is the perfection of the schoolmaster's art. Where any one of these qualities is wanting, the teacher becomes a petty tyrant, or a gushing fount of hurtful sentimentality, or a benighted creature who spends his days in vainly trying to make a square peg fit perfectly a circular opening. But apart from occasional excesses, the modern study of the child has done quite as much for the master as it has for the child who is placed under his care. It has given him the point of view of the child.

P. L. B.

SOCIOLOGY

Jim

This is a story about Jim, mostly, and his \$11.50, and car fare. Fifteen years ago, in a large American municipality in the Southwest, the liquor trade, especially in the factory districts and the vicinity of the wholesale houses, was singularly free both from legal restraint, and restraint imposed by public opinion. "Saloons" discharged their obligations, apparently, by paying their Government, State and municipal taxes. Their number was not limited by population. Many of them were gay with tawdry lights and mirrors, with music, warmth and animal comfort. They were the haunt and the breeding place of the vampires of society: the gambler, the thief, the gun-man, the pander, the woman, at once the toy and scorn of iniquity greater than her own. They were places which no decent man would enter, of course. That, seemingly, was the theory upon which the comfortable, well-fed citizen, loving his family and his business, and hating rows and politics, allowed them to exist. But they flourished, and not upon proceeds that came from the pockets of those who chose these places as a base of operation. Who supplied the funds? That is a question easily answered. Let us introduce Jim.

Jim comes out of one of these near-by factories on Saturday night with \$11.50 in his pay envelope, and his car fare. He has

worked eight hours that day, and every other day that week, over a shrieking, whirring machine that cuts out uppers for shoes. When you work a machine like this, you can't take your eyes off the "piece" for a single second. If you do, you may spoil the "piece," and that means a fine, and you may lose a finger, or two or three, into the bargain, and then you're done for. After eight hours of this sort of work, your eyes burn like fire, and there is a pain like the thrust of red-hot iron across the small of your back when you try to straighten up. For all this, Jim has received the munificent wage of \$11.50, i.e., \$12.00 minus a fine of fifty cents when a drive-belt broke. It was rotten—but that is a story about something else. Jim is tired and hungry, and for some years, he has been considerably underfed. He wants to get home, and quickly too, to the wife and children. The evening air is raw, full of a penetrating Autumn drizzle that gets under the warmest coat, and Jim's shoddy garment is none of the thickest. As he stumbles along—the pavements are bad along Whiskey Row—through an opened door, on a warm, almost sickening draft of alcohol-laden air, comes a burst of ragtime, and Jim hears the cards thumped down on the table, and the loud laugh of "good fellows." At home, there is the patient wife, good as gold, it is true, but little Katie is sick and cried all last night, and there will be a story of how the flour is out, and the groceryman threatens to cut off all supplies unless something is paid on a long-outstanding account, and it's almost impossible to get Tommy to go to school, because the other boys laugh at his ragged clothes. It's hard for a man to work all day, and then face this. She might manage better, Jim sighs, the glare of many gas-lamps in his eyes. Jim is wavering. His tastes are not æsthetic, as yours are, and mine. He only wants a little bit to warm him, and just a glint of light and laughter in his life, now and then. He can't get it at home. Just a little while; he won't stay long. . . .

The swinging doors have closed on Jim. The wife will go to bed late that night, but Jim won't eat the frugal supper she has left for him between two cracked plates in the oven. Little Katie's crying and coughing will numb her heart with dread, and the knowledge that "Jim is drinking again," strikes deeper terror than the fact that there will be little to eat next week. She who came of decent folks may be forced to rely upon the charity of those who give out of their poverty, her humble neighbors; or worse, reach the acme of distress in being obliged to apply for public relief. Jim will wake up next morning, in the gutter, perhaps, or the station-house, with an aching head and a black eye, and an aching heart, we hope, but no \$11.50, and no car fare.

Now, don't tell me that Jim is a free agent, that he can look temptation in the face and say, "I won't," and that like Horace's just man, he can stand with untortured head, with the ruins of all the world crashing about him. True as Matthew. Jim and I both know it, although to Jim, Horace is merely the name of the man he works for. Besides, when you and I talk like that, it reminds me of the cynical spirit of Becky Sharp, who thought that anybody could be good on five thousand a year. You and I don't work eight hours a day over a nerve-racking, body-destroying, whirring mass of bolts and belts and knives. We've got enough to eat, too, and in our homes, perhaps, there is the laughter of merry children, instead of the crying of poor little under-fed things who live in a tenement. We don't have to worry about the grocery bill and Tommy's coat. Jim does. There's the difference. When we're worn out, or think we are, we can take a rest. Jim can't. To him a vacation is a calamity. We spend more money in a month, some of us, on our amusements, than Jim's family spends for adulterated food in a whole year. The cost of that hat, Madame, might have sent little Katie with her mother to the country for a month, bringing back a grateful mother, and a bright-faced, happy little child. But don't hasten to countermand your order; it's too late, it's too late. I think that He, who loved

the little children of the poor, is going to look into this case Himself, and send Katie to a bright, far-off country, where there won't be any crying or any hunger, or any fevered little children slowly dying in tenements owned by multimillionaires, and from which she won't have to come back in a month. Jim has worries that you and I know nothing about. He is not a bad fellow at heart. He is only weak, and hungry, and half sick, and despondent. For reasons into which we need not enter, his ideals are not very high. When temptation comes, through an occasion of sin, thrust upon him at the very time when circumstances have broken down half his resistance, it is fairly certain that he will fall. And with him, his family and, I may say, you and I fall.

Judging from statistics gathered by industrious sociologists, Jim has several million brothers in this bright and glorious land of ours. Let us not count the dollars which sober, industrious Jims might have deposited in savings banks. Rather, let us reflect for a brief moment upon broken-hearted wives, and starving children, and jails, and alms-houses, and scaffolds, and insane asylums, and alas! immortal souls often lost to God. Even this does not seem to get you much but a lump in your throat. But some questions we may ask with profit:

Who put that occasion of sin in Jim's way? Who netted that chain of gilded saloons, close to a district through which these men had to pass? Who allowed them to strike the hand of fellowship with crime, to introduce and foster alluring vice?

Good citizens like you and me, who answered with Cain, that we had no charge over our brother.

Lest we be classed with violent and visionary prohibitionists, putting excess in drink as the sole cause of human misery, let us hasten to add, that we have merely cited one evil to serve as the symbol of many interrelated corrupting forces. There may be worse sources of evil in a community than such saloons; the corporation, for example, which, clearing twenty-one millions in net profits last year, pays its shop-girls an average weekly starving wage of \$5.83. But in how many upright citizens is the thought of their community's duty to its children, and its weaker members, aroused only by the outbreak of some social horror? Some progress may be chronicled, but our communities have made only a beginning, and in the matter of preventive legislation, hardly that. The vital questions of adequate public relief, the living wage, compensation for injured workmen, civilized labor laws for children and women, upon whom the future of the race depends, demand immediate consideration. But how many who might help to a solution, are in the least interested, or will admit that these are matters which concern the community's conscience?

True, men can not be dragooned into virtue by Act of Parliament. Unless their free wills cooperate, even the law of God is powerless. But let us not forget, that statute law can do much to check evil and promote virtue, and that the Christian community sins against God, if it does not employ the force of the law to suppress the gross exterior manifestations of iniquity, thereby removing, to some extent at least, the occasion of fall from its weaker members, and fostering, indirectly, the practice of virtue. More, probably, it can not do. To this minimum it is obliged by God, in whose name it exercises its delegated authority.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Board of Directors of the Oregon City Public Library has voted to remove the *Menace* from its reading rooms. For this relief much thanks. But while the returning sinner is always to be received with kindness, a comment on the action of this same Board, which once consented to admit the infamous thing, may not be out of place. One of the functions of a public

library is to disseminate truth. Another is to foster the growth of culture in the community. Quite apart from his religion or lack of it, can any man in his senses believe that a sheet which decent governments have barred from the mails, on the ground that it is an agent of immorality, is calculated to promote truth or culture? It is to be noted that one W. S. U'Ren, who is asking the citizens of Oregon to make him their governor, strenuously protested against this belated action of the Board.

Boston has a Metaphysical Club, which apparently puts no bounds to the field of its investigations. Tea, tombs, music and the New Thought, are alike grist for its mill. A recent convocation is thus described:

The Corporation Counsel discussed, "The New Thought in Civic Force." The music was in charge of Mary De Wolf La Monde, who sang "To You," by Speaks, and "Her Rose," by Coombs. Tea followed. At the next meeting Professor David G. Lyon will speak on "The Most Recent Discoveries at Babylon."

Milton would never have written his severe indictment of metaphysics had he drunk tea with the members of so charming a society; but even he might have been puzzled to find the connection between "The New Thought in Civic Force" and the bricks of Babylon. Macaulay once spoke of some one's mind as characterized by "anfractuosities." The thought-path of the Boston Metaphysical Club seems similarly afflicted.

The University of Leeds has addressed a letter of sympathy to the University of Louvain. The following lines are a translation of the closing paragraph:

What can a new University add when, sharing in your sorrow, it reviews the long history of an elder and mourning sister? What except those words of encouragement which are ever old and ever new, "Lift up your hearts: In the darkness light shall arise: Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning: Until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."

Whatever may be our sympathies in the present conflict, regret at the destruction of the University is universal. Louvain, particularly during the last half century, was a centre of light and strength to the Church on the Continent. But when Government policies view with unconcern the destruction of a nobler temple, made in God's own image, what hope is there for orphanages, hospitals and schools?

Much space has recently been given in the press to the statement that the best, in fact the only American, way of educating a boy is to send him to the public school. With this statement Catholics take issue squarely. It is rhetoric, poor rhetoric, uttered to tickle the ears of political groundlings. There is absolutely no proof that, either in scholarship or in patriotism, the Catholic, the Lutheran or the Jewish private school is one whit inferior to the public school, the pampered darling of the State. The Catholic parochial school is a sublime confession of faith in God, made possible by a sacrifice which God alone can fully know, by a people who have little of this world's wealth. Its foundation is God. Its every effort is to put the child in the path that will bring him back to God from whom he came. Its teachers, for the most part, are men and women who for love of God and their fellows, and not for financial considerations, have devoted themselves, heart and soul, to the work of education. A few weeks ago, in a public address, an official of the city of New York, high in authority, stated with pride that it was the highest purpose of the public schools to lead their pupils to economic independence. Be it so. But the Catholic school believes that the man is more than his meat. It believes that education should look beyond the confines of a world bounded by time and space. The Catholic school is not

housed in a palace, but it lacks no educational factor of tried value. It is high time to recognize the fact that men, not bricks, a spirit of high endeavor, not lordly piles of marble and bronze, make a school. Let us have definite proof of the inferiority of Catholic schools. Unless this be forthcoming, Catholics will resent, and justly, these cruel and unfounded slurs upon a system which, with the exception of the Catholic Church, is the greatest religious force in American life to-day.

The Chancellor of Ripon and the Vicar of St. Wilfrid's, Harrogate, have furnished the public with a bit of comedy quite as diverting as anything in the pages of "The Prig." The vicar had applied for leave to place on the walls of his church sundry sculptured representations, ten in number, of the Passion. This was dangerously like the popish Way of the Cross, and permission was refused by the chancellor. The foiled vicar thereupon urged that although these representations might look like, and would commonly be taken for, the Roman Catholic Stations of the Cross, they were really not stations because nobody wanted to "stand" and pray before them. On his part, the chancellor regretted that this very plausible explanation could not be accepted. He did not see how these representations could be anything but Stations of the Cross. But, anxious to temper the wind to the shorn vicar, as the *Tablet* explains, permission might be granted, if other representations were added to the ten, making it clear that the series did not lend itself to a Catholic devotion. He would suggest such supplementary subjects as the Annunciation, the Transfiguration and the Baptism of the Saviour. The mixture might then pass as distinctively Anglican. Whether the vicar accepted this typically Anglican compromise, or chose to stand upon his right as an Anglo-Catholic to disagree with his ecclesiastical superior, is not disclosed.

"There is less flogging in our great schools than formerly," wrote Dr. Johnson, "but then, less is learned there." The tender-hearted School Board of St. Louis, after a four months' campaign conducted by the Humane Society of that city, has ruled that there shall be no more corporal punishment in the schools, unless the consent of the parents is previously obtained. Hereafter, comments the *St. Louis Times*, the proceeding will be somewhat as follows:

DEAR MR. JONES: Your son James needs a whipping. What shall I do?
Yours sincerely,
R. R. RITHMETIC, *Principal*.

Son James, being entrusted with the note, looks it over, and personally writes his own reply, as follows:

DEAR PROFESSOR: I have looked into the matter, and find that my son James does not need a whipping to-day. Thanking you for calling the matter to my attention, I am,
Yours very truly,
FATHER JONES.

Thus are we to spare the rod and spoil the child, continues the *Times*, and reduce the work of Dr. Blewett and his corps of sluggers, to that of mere mollicoddles. No one wishes to make our schools Dotheboys Halls, but after all, there is much virtue in the tingle of a good sound spanking. It is the only process which will effect a much-needed readjustment of the point of view in certain small persons, whose skins are more responsive than their budding intellects. But, of course, it should always be the court of last appeal, and the system which can, as far as possible, safely dispense with such a court, will in the long run, prove itself to be of the highest efficiency in educational work.

The greater part of the first page of the *Pittsburgh Post* for October 12, is devoted to an account of the Holy Name Procession which had taken place on the preceding afternoon.

"Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on us," chanted the choristers, leading the 40,000 men in the Holy Name parade, yesterday afternoon. "From all evil, O Jesus, deliver us," they sang, continuing the petitions of the Litany. The singers passed, and as their voices died away, there came the tramp of the feet of thousands. All through the afternoon it continued so, until in the weakening light of the sinking sun, all that stood out were the great banners carried by the different delegations.

St. Ignatius who set great store on pilgrimages and similar outward demonstrations of faith, would have been delighted with this modern instance in a busy, twentieth century manufacturing town. The spirit of the movement was eloquently stated by Bishop Regis Canevin:

To-day's procession is a public declaration of our belief in God, a solemn avowal of our readiness to obey His Holy Law, a testimony of our supreme reverence for His Holy Name, an expression of our abiding faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ, and of our loyalty to Him and our country. It is no ostentatious display, no demonstration of mere numerical strength. It is an act of religion, and we hope that to-day's inspiring spectacle will increase in our hearts the love of God and our neighbor, so that peace and justice and love may everywhere reign.

It will be recalled that outbreaks of anti-Catholic hatred made a similar demonstration inadvisable last year. This bigotry, of course, was never shared by the respectable citizens of Pittsburgh, but the cordial greeting extended by the general public on October 11 to the men of the Holy Name, is a cheering indication of the triumph in Pittsburgh, of the American ideal of fair play.

Mother Janet Erskine Stuart, Superior General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, and author of a well-known work on the education of girls, died at Roehampton, England, October 21, 1914. Mother Stuart was the granddaughter of the second Earl Castlestewart, male representative of the royal house of Stewart, and daughter of the Rev. Andrew Stuart, a clergyman of the Church of England. She was born in Scotland on November 11, 1857. When at the age of eighteen she began to study the Catholic religion, Mr. Gladstone was one of those most earnest in trying to keep her back. But she was too single-minded and courageous to be daunted by difficulties, and the moment she was fully convinced she asked for baptism. She was received into the Church by Father Galloway, S.J., in 1880. Two years later she asked admission among the Religious of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton. Her saintly life, joined with her undoubted talent for governing, caused her to be made in 1895, Superioress of all the houses of her Society in England. Mother Stuart first visited America in 1898, in company with the late Superior General, Mother Digby. On August 27, 1911, she was elected Superior General of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, and since the well-known mother-house in the Rue de Varennes at Paris had been confiscated by the French Government, took up her residence in Ixelles, Belgium. An heiress of persecution, it fell to Mother Stuart to guide her Society through troublous times. To her last days of suffering was added sudden exile from her Belgian home, when, with a few of her companions, she was forced to remove hastily from Ixelles to Roehampton. Mother Stuart was a woman whose strong and energetic character was tempered by the sweetness and gentleness which she drew from the Sacred Heart, to whose glory she had devoted her life. A worthy successor to those valiant women who more than a century have governed the Society of the Sacred Heart, the memory of Janet Erskine Stuart will long be treasured by her children in religion, and by the thousands of pupils throughout the world who have been trained to the highest ideals of Christian womanhood in the schools and convents of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.